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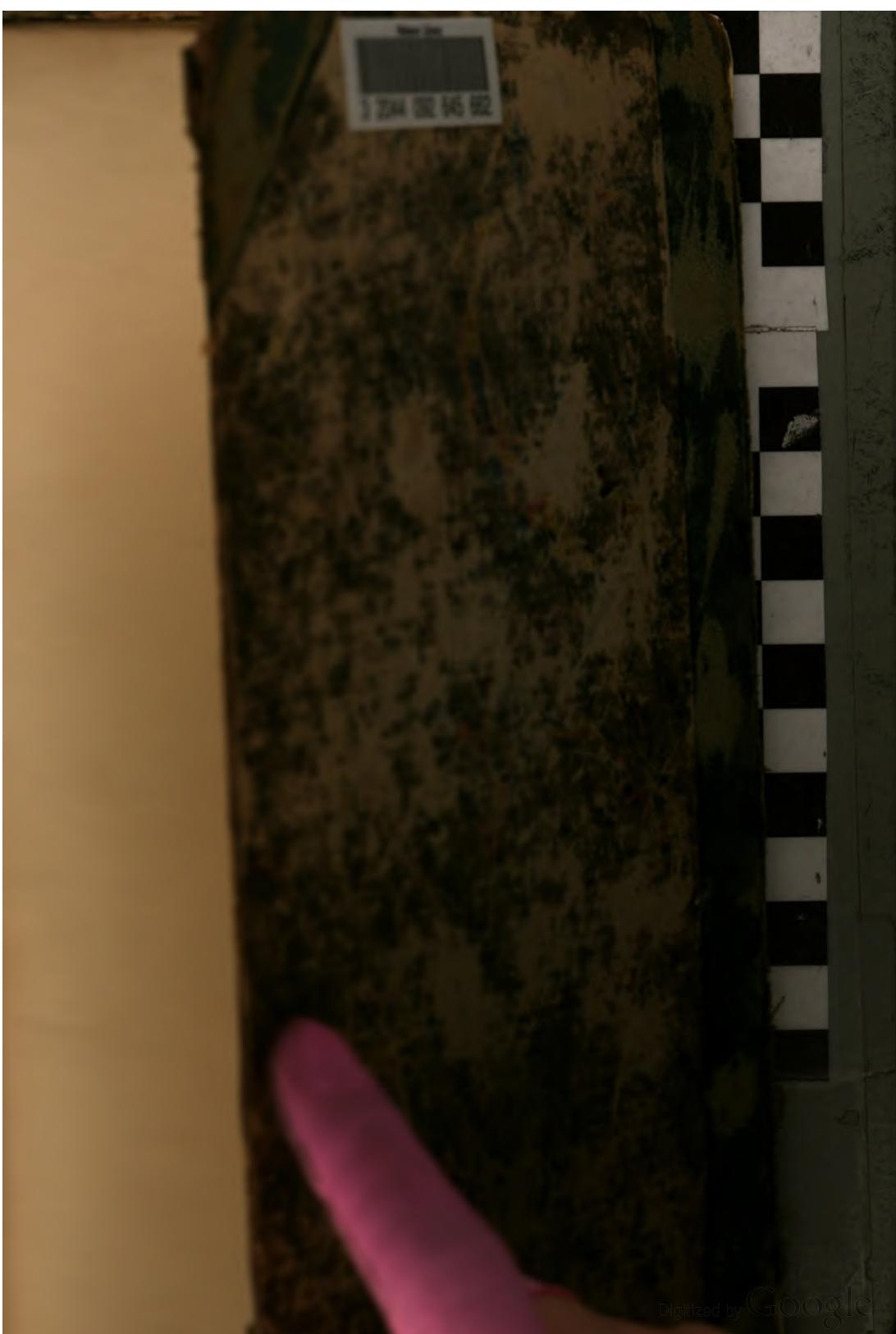
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P
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13





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Monsieur Guillaume
with Mr. J. Lowndes' kind regards.

HORÆ JUVENILES,

BY

THE GENTLEMEN

OF

BLEMELL HOUSE, BROMPTON.

Ut in vita sic in studiis pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem, comitatemque miscere, ne illa
in tristitiam, haec in petulantiam procedat.

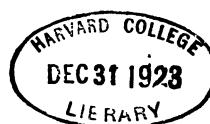
PLINY.

As in life so in studies, I deem it most ornamental and natural to blend austerity with gaiety, lest the
former should beget peevishness, the latter levity.

DENNETT JAQUES, PRINTER, LOWER SLOANE STREET, CHELSEA.
1830.

P 212.13

v



Fine money

2023-06-14 14:30:00

19. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* *leucostoma* *leucostoma*

and the following day he was sent to the hospital with a fractured skull.

4738-0000-0000-0000-0000-0000-0000-0000

To R. B. POLLARD, Esq.

SIR,

BEING about to make a request of no ordinary nature in behalf of our little Publication, you cannot be surprised if we approach with some degree of timidity; though the warmth with which you have hitherto supported it has served to dispel, in some measure, the forebodings which we had at first entertained of a refusal to our claim of dedicating it to you.

It is not that we consider your Name likely to be honoured by its merits, but rather the want of such merits to be supplied by your Patronage;—for influence, we are taught to believe, is every thing. And as your general attention and anxiety implies a more than ordinary affection for those you govern, we have taken care to turn it to our advantage in the present solicitation.

Excuse us, if in making our request we disclaim the character attributed to the most noted Roman Bards, of servility and flattery, as we are enemies to the process and inexperienced in its forms; at the same time, if the lineaments of sincerity and gratitude can be traced in the actions of people, we trust that our future conduct will give you as fair a portrait of it as any pupil of the Royal Academy would wish to take for his model.

The Work before you has now been carried on six months; and under your auspices has made a very creditable figure in the annals of Academic productions. Our opinions, delivered at different periods, on the merits and demerits of communications, have been always regulated by candour and justice; always allowing for the superior judgment of age and experience; and we hope that whatever faults, improprieties, or illegalities may have been observed in it, they may be laid to the account of oversight rather than intention.

It is not our business to eulogize the work, but we have reason to flatter ourselves by its success that if it exhibit not brilliancy of talent, it has not incurred the stain of degrading ignorance; and in this presumption we build our future hopes that the work promises to keep alive among us the spirit of reading and research, that ~~vol~~ ventibus annis it may pretend to cope with works of a similar kind already before the eyes of the public—and if it can tend in the slightest degree to keep up, though it cannot encrease the reputation of the school, it will be an additional boast and satisfaction to ~~your~~

Very Humble and Obedient Pupils,

THE EDITORS.

VORAE JUVENILES.

No. I.

HORÆ JUVENALES.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23rd, 1830.

No. 1.]

"My paper flows from no satiric vein,
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain." —DRYDEN.

To the Public.

We are induced, by the cordial and liberal support given to us from all parts last quarter, to continue this little work, but with a slight alteration of our original plan. We wish this work to be more of a literary cast, and we should not be sorry to see in our pages more versification, and more essays than before, and we do not fear that this will be effected, if the same patronage is granted to us as formerly. We wish our subscribers to recollect that there is another paper, (one of whose Editors, or rather Publishers has deserted from our cause,) which is carried on not by boys but by men. Yet with this against us we are not afraid, for we know that our readers will always recollect that it is our desire to please, and for that object all our endeavours are directed. We also add that we are always open to conviction, for every one is prone to err, and we feel confident that our readers will pass over any fault with good humour. We have further to say that it shall always be our study, by selecting what is most acceptable, to de-

serve the favors of our correspondents and friends, and we hope their kindness will always prove a stimulus to our endeavours; and whilst we receive the patronage of an enlightened public, our hopes will be flattered and our pride gratified, as it will be a sufficient proof that our endeavours have met with success, in despite of all opposition. It is with these feelings that we commence the First Number of the "Horæ Juvenales" hoping that it may meet with the same success as the "Illustrius Stranger;" and we assure every one that the only reward we desire, is the consciousness of having performed any thing, which may contribute to the amusement of our readers.

Advertisement.

Wanted immediately, two persons as publishers for a weekly paper, generally considered to be a clever and witty one; they are also to take upon themselves the name of Editors, they must have a little knowledge of Latin and French, and know plenty of friends who will contribute to the paper; they will neither be required to write nor

to correct the press: they must be persons of honour and fidelity. For further particulars, enquire of Messrs. Lawah, or Sis, Downing Street.

MR. EDITOR,

Let me as a friend earnestly advise you, not to check the course of the "Youthful Amateur," let it run on unheeded and unnoticed; let it be like a cypher in your estimation; for it is in vain for you to imagine that you can cope with men, for such are the Editors of that paper. What credit I say, is that paper to this house, as it is not the production of any of its members?. The two members who term themselves Editors are mere tools, and are nothing more than the Publishers. Fear not; flinch not: you stand on firm ground. You have a powerful committee, who are determined to support your work; you possess the esteem of your fellow members, who I assure you are very anxious for your welfare; you have gained the good wishes of your friends. You have every thing you desire. Hoping that your paper will be kept up with the same spirit that it was last quarter.

I am,

VITRUVIUS.

*On the late Fire in Old Brompton, on
29th March, 1830.*

Some few weeks back, when all at rest,
And boys with happy dreams were blest:

Twas near this spot a fire took place;
Its cause, alas! no one can trace.
The engines came, and soon their aid they gave,
To stop the flames, and lodgers lives to save.
Water! Water! was the general cry,
They dug for wells, and soon they drained them dry.
More water now, or else the inmates die,
But water none, no water was there nigh:
Twas now the flames with rapid vigour spread,
And left three bodies on the first floor dead.
Three pretty children, their tender mother's care,
Were marked the victims, to be smothered
But where the mother? who with watchful eye,
To save her dear ones would with pleasure die,
She from her house, in burning garments came,
They blankets brought, but stopped too late the flame.
"Where are my children?" and with pain she raved,
The gathered crowd cried out at once, they're saved.
She little thought her children then were gone,
Her husband heard it, and he heard to mourn:
Their death too true! no grief have they to share,
No more the troubles of this life to bear.

Heaven thought fit that she no child should leave,
No first, no second, and no third to grieve.
Alas! 'twas true, for e'er that week was o'er,
Three children died, and mother was no more.

THEODORE SEYMOUR.

MR. EDITOR, There is nothing which I dislike so much as to flatter, or to be flattered, for it makes an individual proud and conceited; The other day I took up a paper, and much to my horror almost every letter was filled with flattery; one making the Editors believe, that they were the most talented persons that ever existed; another praising the paper, terming it witty and clever, *cum multis aliis*, equally absurd; one in particular saying, that if they would but continue in the same course, that every thing would fly before them. Really I was so much disgusted, that throwing down this mass of flattery, I made a vow never to support persons who were absurd enough to publish their own praises. Hoping Mr. Editor that you will not fall into the same error,

I am,

PHILANTHROPS.

Remembrance of Days at School.

Behold in boyhood how the blossoms shoot,
Which seem as though no boisterous winds
could shake;

They little reck that canker's at the root,
Or what dread havoc sense and reason make:
Thrice happy ignorance, and boyhood too,
In smiling innocence through years they run;
Careless of ought to know, or ought to do;
Are friends to all men, and are slaves to none.

Their sports their triumph, greater far than those,

Which kings for ruin'd empires oft secure;
And every setting sunshine at his close,
Leaves them in thought, if not in action pure.
Soundly they sleep, disturbed but by the morn,
Like fresh blown flowers still dropping with the dew;
We see them promenading on the lawn,
On study, or on mischief bent anew.
The day's their empire, and its deeds their law.
Chang'd in their fickle bosom ev'ry hour,
And if their small republic rush to war,
'Tis but to check, and not to ruin power.
Their gambols on the margin of a stream,
Their frolic battles mimic hunts contain,
So much of innocence, that like a dream,
Their separation is the worst of pain.

PAIDOPHILUS.

Miscellany.

We are happy to say, that most of the members returned with their usual punctuality to the house, with the exception of a

few who were detained by illness. The weather, much to the gratification and pleasure of most of the members, has been extremely fine, and afforded ample scope for every one to enjoy himself.

The house met as usual on Monday, but as it was the first day after the vacation, not so much business as in general was transacted.

Draw a companion's attention, in the most laconic manner possible, to a dirty person, in the act of being hung,

Ecce SUS-PENDIT.

MR. EDITOR,

It is not often that you hear of a privateer facing a frigate, as the latter is generally manned with more experienced men.

But I think you may in this case, encounter your antagonist with redoubled courage and vigour, as she seems to be a very bold sailor. I have no doubt by observing her motions strictly, and keeping your luff, you will succeed in raking her, with a hearty return of broadsides of good sense, and a few canisters of good humour.

Your's for ever,

To the Bowline.

MR. EDITOR,

What would our ancestors say to this? is a very natural reflection, and arising out of the follies of our age.

We'll suppose now, one of our rude and unpolished ancestors taking a peep at his beloved Albion, and supposing that he should find it the same, as when he left it for the dark regions of Pluto. I can fancy the

amazement of the poor fellow, at being set down in Bond Street among a parcel of dandies, with their perfumes and their scents, and all those things which are requisite to a man of fashion.

How he would puzzle himself to find out what kind of wild beasts they were, for he would not think for a moment that they were human beings; now if I had happened to pass by at the time, and he asked me the question, I should immediately reply, "that they were men, who tried to imitate a certain long-eared animal in every thing they did."

S. T.

To Correspondents.

Owing to the very numerous communications that have been received this week, we are forced, contrary to our wish, to leave out a great many. We trust that it will give no offence to those, whose letters have not been inserted.

We are very much obliged to Mneme for his verses; and are extremely sorry we have not room to insert them; we esteem him as a valuable correspondent, and hope that he will favor us again.

We perfectly agree with Philanthropos, and we think that nobody ought more to be despised than a flatterer.

We received a very amusing communication from a Cricketer, but it is much too long, or else it should have been inserted.

Timothy Vapor's letter will be inserted in the next number.

We wish that we could insert N. B.'s verses, but they are much too personal.

News from

MORAL JUVENILES.

No. 2.

HORÆ JUVENILES.

FRIDAY, APRIL 30th, 1830.

No. 2.]

" My paper flows from no satiric vein,
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain." —DRYDEN.

To the Public.

In presenting to the Public the second number of the Horæ Juveniles, it becomes our duty to testify our gratitude to our friends, for the extensive support that they have bestowed on our little work. The assistance we have received from the few, and the patronage of the many, has far exceeded our most sanguine expectations; and we trust that our conduct will be always such, as to merit that patronage. The utmost care shall be taken, that nothing personal or scurrilous be permitted to creep into our pages. Nothing on our part shall be spared, to make this both instructive and amusing; such being our object, we doubt not we shall meet with success.

MR. EDITOR,

I should be very sorry, if in the following papers, any remarks that I should make on the present system of legislation, adopted in our body corporate, should appear to contain any personalities, scurrilities, or heterodox criticisms, and especially in one so little exposed from the dignity

with which it is upheld, and the regularity with which it is conducted, to the capricious animadversion of disaffected members; at the same time, as neither human nature, in distinct nor congregated alliances can exist without blemishes, which it is the purpose of art and reason to correct and methodize, some general remarks founded on experience, and taken with deliberation, may not be judged ill-timed or unprofitable. I shall commence therefore, with some trifling suggestions respecting the duty of principals; as the happiness, order, and security of a people, will mainly depend upon the lenient exercise of those privileges which they themselves confer, and which they have a free right to resume, when they become contaminated either by the collision of interests, or struggles for pre-eminence. The right of superiority is founded on an immutable law of human nature, the right of a father over a family, the husband over the wife, or in a still more imposing basis, the right of God over created man; and where this superiority has ceased to exist, anarchy and distrust have followed infidelity, and equality reared

its bloody pinions, and sequestration, rebellion, and massacre, rioted in its ruins.

PHILO.

To be continued.

On Cricket.

As summer comes with all its rays,
I sing the song of happy days,
When cricket, that delightful game,
Attracts its lovers by its name.

The spacious field looks as it ought,
The bats and balls will soon be bought,
The days for play will soon commence,
So dont be idle, men of sense !

The sides we'll soon begin to choose,
And see which side will win or lose,
We'll have the bats and balls well greased,
And see if we cannot be pleased.

We'll take our ground, and pitch our stumps,
And fetch the ball most precious thumps,
But take you care, don't knock the ball,
O'er any part of western wall ;

For if you do you'll never have it,
So do your best and try to save it ;
And all ye boys of minor size,
Mind your little heads and eyes,

And ye bowlers! mind your long hops,
And watch the ball ye glorious long-stops ;
All ye faggers do your best,
Again ye batters mind the west.

A CRICKETER.

MR. EDITOR,

I was extremely pleased with the letter in your last number, signed S. T. I entirely coincide with him, and can well imagine how these modern dandies would astonish our sturdy forefathers.

How much more then, would Boadicea, or some of our ancient female warriors, stare to see our belles at Almacks, or on a birth day, decked out in all their finery ; Could they believe their eyes ? could they ever for an instant imagine, that these are their very descendants ? Had one of these appeared in Juvenal's days, with what indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent satirist. He would have represented her as a greater monster than a Centaur, he would have called for sacrifices of pure water, to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy, he would have invoked the shades of Portia and Lucretia, to see into what the Roman Ladies had transformed themselves.

I am,

A CYNIC.

On Memory.

O what a pleasing, hateful sun
Is memory, when her beams she throws,
On records of the days long gone.

The smiles of friends—the frowns of foes.
The peaceful bower, the joyous hall,
The scenes of youthful wanderings past,

And every claim by beauty cast,
Perplex us in the fond recall.
And at the best in vision known,
Are valued most because they're flown,
Few only are there but would fly,
The spectre whose enchanting eye,
Beckons them back thro' perished years,
To rival on their pains and tears.
To some the smiling cottage hearth,
Recounts their innocence of birth,
To prove how much they've valued time,
By leaving it to bask in crime.
The soldier sees the foeman laid,
Gasping beneath his reeking blade;
The ruthless pirate of the main,
His credit lost—the guiltless slain.
The mother bids the 'kerchief wave,
Again upon the children's grave,
The injured and the injurer feel
Alike, the keen and poignant steel,
That recollection aims at all,
Who're born to live—and live to fall.

MNRME.

MR. EDITOR,

I am troubled with a complaint, which I have at length found out is called the vapours. I have been ill for the last five years, and have really since then lived on medicine, and in that time I have had no less than a hundred different complaints. At one time, if I happen to over exert or sprain myself, I immediately ima-

gine that a blood vessel must be broken, and am in the greatest fright imaginable. At another time, if perchance my legs are weak, I must certainly have the dropsy, and take every remedy for that complaint. The other day, I had a difficulty of breathing, with pain in my chest, I nearly dropped for fright, and sent in great haste for the doctor. I have had at different times the liver complaint, water in the brain, brain fever, and in fact every disease which I could fancy. I have at length found out my folly, and I think it is time, for I am worn out, and skin and bone only compose my emaciated frame. If you Mr. Editor, or any of your kind readers could prescribe for me a different course, you may save perhaps,

TIMOTHY VAPOURS.

*Translation from Anacreon.**The Grasshopper.*

Thou little warbling sprightly thing,
That thronged on trees—a forest king—
Quaffing thy dew at early day,
Pour'st forth on noon the vocal lay.
All that the seasons yield are thine,
Thy splendid realms no bounds confine;
Thy feast, thy beverage, empires send,
Thou art forsooth the farmer's friend.
On thee no wrongs for vengeance call,
Honouring, honour'd, loved by all.

Sweet Prophet! of departing spring,
The muses hail thy warbling,
And Phœbus who admires thy choice,
Hath paid thee with a brilliant voice.
Earth born, child of song and sage,
Thou fiest the bitter pangs of age,
From flesh, from blood, and passions free,
Thou, art almost like a deity.

CHARIS.

MR. EDITOR,

I have long been endeavouring to find out which is the greatest misery of human life, but I at last think, that it is being caught in a shower.

With what feelings do we view the clouds gather over our heads, expecting every moment to be deluged in the impending storm. With what agony we see drop by drop, falling from above, knowing that they certainly prelude a shower; and last of all, when the storm is at its full height, what do we suffer when we think of our best hat, or best clothes, which we unfortunately happened to have on, and which we know will be inevitably spoiled.

I am of opinion Mr. Editor, that nothing in this world can equal it: the annoyances resulting from it are numerous; being delayed on your journey, your good humour spoiled at having your clothes spoiled, and if you happen to be out on any holiday, it

damps your pleasure as well as your feet, all day. Hoping that some other gentleman, will endeavour to find out a greater misery, if possible.

I am your's truly,
PLUVIUM.

To be at Home.

To be at home in the morning in Town, means a lady dressed a la Kemble at her ease on an ottoman, a few chairs scattered with becoming negligence round the room, a small table covered with the newest magazines, papers, and novels; on one of the latter, she is resting a white hand covered with rings, whilst she is discussing the fashionable scandal of the Haut-ton, what Lord A. whispered to Lady B., what pretty compliments he payed her, and how she listened to him, how many times he asked her to dance at the Count of C's ball, how many times she refused, *cum ceteris* equally absurd.

A. B.

*To be continued.**To Correspondents.*

We are sorry that we have been again obliged to omit several communications, for want of room.

Mueme will find his verses, and Timothy Vapour his letter, inserted in this number.

Nemo's letter, and Lyra's verses, will be inserted in our next.

Robin Hood's letter is too flattering.

Ninard's verses are very amusing, but much too long we should like to hear from him again.

We feel highly obliged to all our correspondents, but our limits are such, that we cannot thank them individually.

HORAE JUVENILES.

No. 3.

POORAE JEWELLIES.

FRIDAY, MAY 7th, 1830.

No. 3.]

" My paper flows from no satiric vein,
Contains no poison; and conveys no pain." ——DRYDEN.

Continued from our last.

Now as it requires in a man more than ordinary virtues, to render him fit master over multitude, so does it require almost supernatural fortitude, to render him impregnable against the interested suggestions of the few. He should have the art of engaging the affections of the people, without losing the interest of their leaders. For to want either, he is in a situation in which he can neither do right without envy, or wrong without ruin; the consequences of popular odium, are among the number of those lessons which a king should learn without experience, and to lose the affections of those whose virtues can restrain, whose genius can support, whose eloquence can charm the multitude, and whose sincerity persuade the cabinet; whose justice can raise him in the estimation of foreign courts, and whose decision, can make his palace the resort of domestic friends, is a calamity much better recorded in the pages of history, than witnessed in the experience of mourning worlds.

On Cricket

What better game when school is o'er,
And eyes with fagging are quite sore,
What game is there that pleaseth more,
than Cricket.

When you're heavy in your mind,
From having been too long confined,
What better cure then can you find,
than Cricket.

And when by chance you get a nought,
Or dull by grief of any sort,
What more delights your troubled thought,
than Cricket.

When ill for want of exercise,
With shocking pains o'er both your eyes,
What sooner makes your health aside,
than Cricket.

As I am tired by my muse,
And o'er my mind these thoughts diffuse,
What better game then could I choose,
than Cricket.

A CRICKETER.

MR. EDITOR,

I think you cannot but agree with me, in saying that the greatest misery which a boy can have, is that of returning to school. What a dreadful sound is conveyed in those words, what misery they put you in. How very quick the holidays seem to pass, especially the last week, and with what rapid strides does it make to the last day, that terrible, gloomy, dull day, Black Monday. Can there be a greater misery than in leaving your home, perhaps for the very long space of three months; what a dreadful thing it is to part with your parents, brothers, and sisters; what crying and bellowing, what promises, which are never intended to be fulfilled, always take place on that eventful, that long looked for day.

I don't know what you do, but I always put off going until the last moment, and when just about to get in the coach, find out that I have not my hat, or that my school box is not packed, or some other excuse; at one time, I generally used to get ill a day or two before, and often managed to stay a week longer; but they at last found out that it was only the School Cholick, &c. How often have I wished when in the stage coach, that some part would break down, or rain would stop us. "Ah miseræ mihi." I generally have the luck to get a fine day, and much to my disappointment, none of my

wishes ever came to pass. I think Mr. Editor I have said enough, for I am,

NED LAZY.

On the Death of a Friend.

Oh! art thou gone, and hath death's power,
O'ercome thee by her sting at last,
In one ill fated, sudden hour,
Thy breath hath flown, thy life is past.

No more for thee those hours of mirth,
No more of joy for me,
For since thy soul hath left this earth,
A friend I've lost in thee.

What bitter pangs for friends to part,
For friends indeed we were,
But yet you rest within my heart,
Your death's my only care.

But may thy peaceful soul be blest,
You're free from every care,
For in that place where you now rest,
Shall I soon meet you there.

THEODORE SEYMOUR.

MR. EDITOR,

I ask you and your readers, if there can be a greater happiness for a school-boy, than "Returning Home." What a delightful meaning is conveyed in those words; and often in your dullest moments at school, you are immediately made happy with the thoughts of "Returning Home." How miserable and slow the half-

year always passes, particularly the last few days; and with what a slow and tedious step, does the last day always come, that joyful, happy day, Thursday. Can you imagine a greater happiness, than that of seeing your friends, fellow companions, and in fact, every one around rejoiced with the thought of "Returning Home." What huzzing and rejoicing, &c. &c. What a bustle and confusion; what packing up, and packing away there is, on that long expected and wished for day. The coach always seems to be too late, and I always fancy goes provokingly slow, and I am continually in a fright lest any thing should happen; such as the coach overturning, or some of those numberless accidents which take place every day: and am never contented, until I see once more that dearest of places, Home. I should be very happy, if any of your readers could find a greater happiness, if they can, it will both surprise and please,

TOM CHEERFUL.

Cottager's Happiness.

Look, look, to the left,
And you'll see in a cleft,
My cottage beside of the hill;
Then look to the right,
O a glorious sight,
The wealth of that cottage: my mill.
To market I hie,
With my pigs of the sty,
In my cart, drawn by Johnny the hack,

Well pleased with my gain,
At the sign, by the lane,
A shilling I spend, and come back.
Every sunday is seen,
With her children so clean,
NELL deck'd in her Sunday best gown,
She smiles and she drinks,
And I dare say she thinks,
She's as fine as the ladies in town.

Paraphrase from Anacreon to his lyre.

Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας.
Of Atreus' son I wished to sing,
To praise the prince of Tyre I strove
But ever as I touch'd the string,
My lyre answered only love.
The chords I now have struck anew,
Of war I try to sing again;
To Hercules my praise is due,
But from my lyre, the am'rous strains
Still flow afresh. In vain I strive
My lyre to other deeds unknown;
No other name again will give
But thine, O Paphian Boy! alone.

LY.R.A.

MR. EDITOR,

I cannot agree with your correspondent N. I think he must have a very poor idea of our forefathers, and the present race of men. I can well imagine the surprise of one of these, our ancestors,

transported to the West end of the town, and perceiving these capacious streets, and noble edifices meeting him on every side. Would he for an instant imagine that these are the fabrication of human hands; would it not be natural for him to suppose, that they are no less than the habitation of the gods. With what awe and respect then, would he behold us, his posterity; with what delight would he look on us, his offspring, and would esteem us, as beings almost equal to the gods. Fancy the astonishment of this our ancestor, on meeting a modern dandy, how he would stare to see the imitation of Apollo on earth; how great would be his joy on finding out that it was no god, but only one of his posterity. How much greater then would his admiration be excited, on reviewing the soldiers of the present day; his surprise would exceed all bounds, on perceiving the discipline and bravery of these soldiers: would not his ancient fire and glory be renewed; and would not he give worlds, if he were but permitted to lead such gallant men. I don't know Mr. Editor which side of the question you will take, but in my humble opinion, I think a Goth would be more likely to admire, than despise his posterity.

I am,

NEMO.

Mr. EDITOR,

Having observed some sadly scurrilous verses concerning myself, in the Youthful Amateur of last week, so much so, that the author was, I presume, ashamed to acknowledge himself as such, as he did not put his signature to them. I must beg to tell him, that abusing the cause of others, is a poor way of the advocating his own; and I should feel obliged by your inserting the following in the style he has adopted, which is very common, to shew him the truth of what I say.

Who feigns to be so wond'rous wise,
And never looks but at the skies,
And that with blear and haggard eyes?

A Fagger.

Who when he joins to have a game,
For want of practice must with shame,
And weary limbs go whence he came.

A Fagger.

Who, when he's asked to join a trick,
With affectation makes you sick,
For which he ought to have a kick,

A Fagger.

Who never crack'd a famous joke,
But always laboured when he spoke,
For learned words, bother such talk,

A Fagger.

Then let me live, and ease for none;
Enjoy myself when selfon^t is done,
Quite different from the stupid drone,

A Fagger.

A Fable.

Once upon a time (as old women say,) there was a community of ants. They had a king who governed them with equity and moderation. This king, by the petition of some of his old counsellors, allowed four wise and strong ants to be chosen, to convey news to all parts of his empire. Now this king had a prime minister, who hated these good ants; and in opposition to the king's wishes, appointed two young and rash ants to convey news, and to spread reports to the prejudice of these good ants. When the king heard of these things, he was greatly enraged with his prime minister, and ordered these two ants to be banished in *eternum*. Sic pereant nostri inimici.

DEATH.

Stern king, inexorable power,
By whom the mighty fall,
Thou piercest thro' the thick twined bower,
And thro' the joyous hall.

In vain the shrieking victim asks,
Another year of grace,

Thou forc'st him from his wordly tasks,
And quickenest thy pace.

The rich their vast possessions leave,
And follow at thy call,
Tho' as they follow you they grieve,
To quit the midnight ball.

The king, the prisoner, the slave,
Dark Styx's waves behold,
And as they view the sluggish wave,
Their ghostly blood grows cold.

PLUTO.

On the Spring.

Now, ye Muses, I will sing,
All the beauties of the Spring,
The blackbird's strains, the varied notes
Issuing from the thrushes throats;
The verdant green, the azure sky,
The bees which, onward as they fly,
Rob the full cups of many a flower
Of honeyed sweets; the thick turned bower
Where oft at noontide I do stray,
And hail the coming beauteous May.

TAURUS.

To be at Home.

continued from our last.

Dear me, Lady F., why I declare the
Duchess of A. is "at home" on the 29th,

were the first words that the Hon. Mrs. C. addressed to her titled companion, as they sat sipping their coffee about 12 o'clock A. M.

I must, for the satisfaction of my readers, inform him that "being at home" in the evening, means a suite of rooms, thrown open about eleven o'clock (a time when most sensible people go to bed) stripped of all furniture, except a few rout stools, the floor chalked, one of Collinet's best bands, and the rooms themselves crowded with people superbly dressed, who dance till two o'clock, when supper is announced, at three o'clock they re-enter the ball-room, (for so the room of which I have just given a description is called) and dance till five or six ad libitum. *Telle est la vie du haut ton.*

A. B.

Translation from Anacreon.

I felt the tender passion move,
And Cupid wooed me on to love,
Yet wavering still, ah ! foolish I,
His arts persuasive dar'd defy ;
Then snatching in his furious hold,
His bow and quiver tipped with gold,
Threw down the gauntlet full in sight,
And challeng'd me to mortal fight.
Pelides like, I took the field,
with spear and shield,

And in unequal contest strove
Against the vengeful God of love.
I fled as oft as he assail'd,
And when his feather'd arrows fail'd,
Quick metamorphos'd to a dart,
He shot himself into my heart.
In vain, in vain, I held the shield,
But felt myself compell'd to yield,
In vain new conflicts to begin,
The battle raging hot within.

MR. EDITOR,

In your last number there was a piece of poetry concerning the favorite game of cricket, in which there is laid down several useful cautions, such as not to knock the ball o'er the western wall, et cetera; now I really think that the writer of it ought to be considered in the light of a Brutus, for Brutus saved his country Rome and he has saved (I hope) our little Commonwealth from having their head battered by the ball.

SCORPIO.

T I M E.

Time, thou eternal all destroyer,
Wilt thou never cease ;
Time, thou continual all-annoyer,
Wilt thou ne'er decrease.

Every day and every hour,
Alas ! they both are thine ;
The lives of all are in thy power,
O when wilt thou recline.

There's dreadful Death, thine only foe,
'Gainst him you don't rebel ;
For in him you meet with woe
That's known to thee full well.

THEODORE SEYMOUR.

MR. EDITOR.

Seeing that Pluvium invites any gentleman to come forward with a greater misery than being caught in a shower, I beg leave to propose the following, viz. the trouble of escorting country cousins to see what is termed the *lion*s of the town. We'll suppose now that they are to be conducted to Drury Lane : in the first place they draw the attention of the company towards you, by talking loud, asking who such and such a person is with a star, and to avoid all possibility of mistake, pointing to them.

In the next place, when the curtain is drawn up what astonishment do they exhibit, exclaiming " O lauk ! well, I declare I never saw such a fine thing before ;" with a great many more things of the same sort ; and all this is made the worse if by chance

you perceive some fashionable person, to whom for some time you have been sedulously endeavouring to recommend yourself. I myself had once to undergo this penance, and I was so tortured all the evening that I mentally made a vow never to set foot in the theatre again.

TIMOTHY FIDGETS.

S L A N D E R,

Slander, that disgraceful vice,
The sign of wicked hearts :
Slander, the cause of all device,
The sin of man imparts!

Blest is he whose peaceful heart
Ne'er knew of this dread sin,
But cursed if he from truth depart,
And with this vice begin.

The god-like man has nought to fear,
His time is void of strife ;
The wicked man to sin is dear,
And cares not for his life.

THEODORE SEYMOUR.

Conundrum.

Why is a certain person like a Jew, or bamboozeller ?

N. B. *We will thank any correspondents for the solution of the above.*

Miscellany.

We have been thinking that emulation affords a good subject for the pen of a school-boy. We all should like to be first boy at cricket, we each should like to beat our companions at marbles, prisoner's base, and twenty other amusements; how is it then that there is so little emulation in our studies? Already we think that the publishing of this paper and our cotemporary begins to excite emulation within us, for surely we are contending which shall be the best written, an end devoutly to be wished for, and we wish to encourage our coadjutors with present reputation and future advantage: if they would pursue emulation in this manner, they would make subservient to just views, what would be a baneful passion if followed for bad purposes.

Notices to Correspondents.

To clear off the very numerous communications with which our box is filled, we have been compelled to add a Supplement to this number of the Horæ Juveniles; but however at the same price. We are glad to see Theodore Seymour among the number of our Correspondents.

Pluto's verses, we think, deserve great praise, and we trust that this young poet will favor us again. We are much pleased with the verses on a Cottager's happiness, but he is an anonymous correspondent.

Lyra's verses and Nemo's letters are put in according to promise.

Timothy Sobersides and Falstaff's Letters will be in our next.

Toby is much too prosy.

Simon Sawney's verses will never be permitted a place in any of our numbers.

We are much obliged to Timothy Fidget, and think that his name is appropriate.

L—e is too low.

W—h'a letter is not true.

We again thank our correspondents for their papers, and we are extremely gratified with their numerous communications.

MORAE JUVENILES.

No. 4.

POOR JEWELLES.

FRIDAY, MAY 14th, 1830.

No. 4.]

Contains no poison, and conveys no pain. — DRYDEN.

To the Public.

WE are forced, contrary to our wishes, once more to address our friends in order to answer those base calumnies which we are continually meeting on every side. It was our wish to abstain from all controversy, but when we perceive individuals endeavouring to detract from the fame which we are every day more and more acquiring, by falsely asserting that almost every thing in our papers are copied, we can no longer refrain from desiring them, if honorable, to prove from whence these said things are taken. Nothing would please or surprise us more than to see these proved; until then we say it is false.

The surprising and astonishing success which this little work meets with every day, and the numerous communications which continually pour in upon us plainly shew us that our endeavours are not in vain.

But we are well aware that nothing can be done without the support of our fellow companions; We therefore hope then that you will not fail to continue that assistance which you have hitherto so liberally given, and which we trust we shall always merit.

The Return to School.

The bell has rung out the dread time comes,
When Latin fagots lesson, and of such a
The thought of school afflicts me, with its
And the many hours distressing dullness hangs,
To-day is the first, since I have left my home,
Oh how I wish I had made some sport,
I've been a good boy, and though I must
It may touch my books, & I might run
My Master's way, I simply did long
Crack-jaw Homer is to me a bore,
The name of Terence plagues me more,
The thought of Horace turns me nearly mad,
Cicero and Ovid makes me just as bad.
But let me think, why should I thus delay
My precious time in idleness and play;
I'll try no more my master to annoy,
But be a good and attentive boy.

THEODORE SEYMOUR.

MR. EDITOR.

I perfectly agree with your correspondent Timothy Fidgets with regard to escorting Country Cousins to the Theatre, and could well imagine what fidgets he must have been in, when his cousins were

May 14th.

making their remarks on every object they viewed, and those loud enough to be heard all over the house. What must have been his feelings when one of them exclaims in an elevated tone, O lauk cousin, who is that ere gemmen and lady yonder, dressed so beautifully, and at the same time all but poking her finger into some lord's eye; with what dread and horror must he behold all the eyes of the people fixed upon him and his cousins as the object of their ridicule.

If I were in his place,' Mr. Editor, I should join in the laugh against them, taking good care at the same time to keep a respectable distance from them, leaving no room for suppositions that I had any thing to do with them, and when the hissings, hootings, &c., had abated, I should again join them as before.

This Mr. Editor I have found from experience, is the most effectual mode of getting out of those fidgetty situations.

I remain,
Mr. Editor,
TIMOTHY COOL-ONE.

Epigram.

The difference between patriots and dyers,
Ned cries,
Is, "one for his country lives, whilst to'ther
dyes."

C. D.

On the Death of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Ye lovers of Apelles' art now mourn;
The star of painting now no longer burns,
For "Lawrence" has departed for that bourn
From whence no traveller returns.

The ancient masters were almost outdone,
In colouring and purity of tone,
He was a Titian and Vandyke in one,
United here, and here alone.

Those who pourtrayed by his hands are seen
I have gained a lasting immortality,
If "Lawrence" ne'er had lived, they would
have been
Whelmed in dark obscurity!

His beauteous portraits will attest his fame,
After the praises which mankind now give,
Have been for ages showered on his name,
And Lawrence shall for ever live.

LYRA.

MR. EDITOR,

I am sure that there cannot be a greater misery than being compelled to write a whole paper. I am unfortunately in that predicament, and have not a single correspondent, you have no idea what a difficult thing it is, to write on so many different subjects, and particularly to make out the

verses and letters so that they may not appear to be the composition of one person. But the chief and most difficult thing is in forming my hand as juvenile as possible and in changing [my style. Notwithstanding the trouble that I take I have the mortification to see that every one finds me out. Can you MR. EDITOR, tell me what plan I may form to escape this misery and make myself unknown.

I am, like yourself, AN EDITOR.

THE VIOLET.

How sweet is the violet hid in yon bower,
In imperial purple it shines,
Like the great Cincinnatus the ensign of
power,
To that humble retreat it consigns.
Ah too much like merit its worth it conceals,
But the zephyr tho' silent it blows,
Breaks into its bower, and its fragrance
reveals,
Embalming each spot where it goes.
Now clasped in my bosom unheeded it lies,
Unnoticed its virtues are shed,
And tho' to false friendship a victim it dies,
It leaves me its treasures when dead.

CHARIS.

Miscellany.

Some remarks which appear in the "Juvenile Amateur" of the 6th Inst, ought not to pass unnoticed by the conductors of this paper, that they are well written, no body can doubt, but that they are written by a

School-boy, no one can believe, and really for the first time they seem to have admitted that it is not the production of a School-boy, for in what other way can we interpret the following lines, (speaking of their paper) " It matters not then how it is supported, nor who are the correspondents," but to us it matters a great deal, for to call a paper a " Youthful Amateur," when it is an " Elderly Connoisseur," to say it is the production of boys, when it is the production of men, seems very much like obtaining credit under false pretences, and attaches but little merit to the nominal subscribers, and as the " Youthful Amateur" has indulged itself in some criticisms upon our paper, let us now take our turn.

The opening discussion is evidently by a Master's hand, the verses immediately following, are glaringly of the same species.

The Epitaph is perfectly common, and is very likely kept ready on a tomb stone, waiting for a name only. We subjoin one as rate as the one alluded to.

Afflictions sore, long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till God did please, and death did seize,
To put me out of pain.

The next is certainly the composition of an Irishman, mark the following,

He wishes for " summer all the year,
And not for winter, sad and drear.

In short my wishes, lads I find
Are all at Biennell House combined."

Notwithstanding this, we have some recollection of a snowy morning last December, Talboy and Littlejohn have little to recommend them, and as to Littlejohn's letter, we have asked the author of the letter which he says is copied *ei verum est*, and he confidently asserts that he has copied from no novel new or old, but if it is, we must say, *Periant qui ante nos nostra dixere.*

Pray who is he abhorred by all,
And from his books will always crawl,
Who never thinks but of his ball?

An Idler.

Pray who is always given to lies,
And from honour always flies,
And livet in shame until he die?

An Idler.

Pray who for disgrace never cares,
And always for his friends prepares
To catch them in his wicked snares?

An Idler.

Pray who is he that slumbers in his bed,
And lays all morn to rest his sleepy head;
Whose very name rouseth a Faggot's dread?

An Idler.

MR. EDITOR,
I agree with Tom Cheerfull as far as he has explained 'the pleasure of "Returning Home," but he has not reached the extatic moment, when you are out of the coach quite safe, going up stairs into the drawing room, where are the long desired objects, Papa and Mamma. For the first minute you can expect nothing but kisses and innumerable questions upon, how long the holidays are to be, &c &c. After some time, for what we call a "Jolly Trick", sitting yourself down on a chair and tasting all the niceties one after another. This is what I call the real plaisir of returning home.

DICK EPICURE.

On Homer.

To other bards I leave the pleasant task,
Of celebrating in their warlike verse
The lives of heroes; while I humbler ask
To sing of thee, of poetry the muse.
Yes famed poet I will sing of thee
And while I write may thou instruct my muse
That I, and all my schoolfellow may see
How shamefully thy beauties we misuse
Methinks I see thy angry ghost appear
And threaten vengeance on unlucky me,
Because perplexed and stupefied by fear
I can't at once thy hidden grandeur see.
Sometimes I wish that thou had' ne'er been
born,

When I am puzzl'd with the crackjaw words;
And when alone I ponder o'er forlorn
The strife 'twixt two of Græcia's powerful
Lords,
But yet the man of learning and the sage
Confess thy verse is chasteñ'd and sublime,
And long they ponder o'er the faded page,
To find a passage quite erased by time.

PROSE

To Correspondents.

We are exceedingly sorry that we have not sufficient space to insert the amusing productions of Samuel Field.

We are obliged for the same reason to omit several valuable communications from our kind Correspondent A. B. The verses on Alexander the Great are not exactly what suits us.

We cannot comprehend *Anglia Alanna*. The "Poet Laureat of the Ants" and Chilo are under consideration.

Bil Skinner's note is nonsense.

Obadiah Studios is a little too prosey.

W. J.—N's verses we fear are not original. We thank C. D. for his contributions.

We have received so many spiclets that we cannot notice them all, but we trust their authors will not be displeased.

We have received many answers to the *Obituary* in our last paper, and we have selected the following, as the best, "Because he practises impositions."

MORAL JUVENILES.

No. 5.

HORSE JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, MAY 21st, 1830.

No. 5.]

"My paper flows from no satiric vein,
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain." — DAYTON.

We expected that, after so many accusations of the articles in our paper being copied, some slight attempts would have been made to prove them; but no such thing as yet has happened. Our adversaries talk of our becoming bankrupts of our stock of wit: we perceive a manifest falling of correspondents in their last paper, of the 18th Inst., but, we disdain drawing conclusions. We advise the Editors (not the, reputed ones,) to have a larger paper, and thereby prove their size, not in the largeness of the articles, (for their last paper contained only five separate pieces,) but in the largeness of the paper, for "Parvum parva decent, magna Parvum magna, decent." Their pieces were like Brobdingnags as to size, but Ellipitians as to wit. They are also fond of finding fault with others, and pointing out their errors, when they themselves commit grosser ones. Hoping that the public will act with unbiased minds,

We remain,
The humble Servants
of the public.—
THE EDITORS.

On Death.
All anxious hopes, O Death! are caused by thee,
Thou makest time and pleasing life to flee;
"Tis thou, alas! on every new-born day,
That snatchest mortals, both the poor and gay;
Oh 'tis at thine ill-fated, dreadful name,
The poor man trembleth, and the rich the same.

The loving husband, and the tender wife,
Are forced by thee to quit their happy life.
Alas! 'tis true; for all men know thee well,
The palace sees thee, and the hermit's cell.

THEODORE SEYMOUR.

On Self-love.
Self-love may justly be deemed one of the most odious vices among mankind. It blinds the eyes of its owner to his own infirmities, whilst it magnifies those of other persons. A self lover, looks upon himself with such admiration, regards each action of his, with such complacency, and thinks that he con-

descends too much, either to speak, or keep company with any one else. If he hears of a meritorious action of any other person, he endeavours to decrease it as much as possible, and relates perhaps, something that *he* did, which he takes care to say far surpasses the one talked of. If however he cannot find any thing, he endeavours to discover some feible, which he may magnify into a great crime. But the worst trait of his character is, that he not only admires himself, but imagines that every body does the same. Thus it plainly appears, that there can be none so detestable as a self-admirer.

Q. R.

On the Death of a Young Lady.

She's gone ! upon her lonely grave
I plant the drooping willow,
My tears shall make a stream to lave
The virgin's silent pillow.

She's gone (it is the month of May,)
And left to June its roses ;
Then scatter violets o'er the way,
Where beauty, truth repose.

Oh bring the pansy, daffodil,
The lily with its sweetness,
The last a better emblem still
Of innocence and fleetness.

Come strew fresh flowers upon her tomb,
That all who journey there,
May see the heavenly types consume,
Yet know they once were fair.

Go view her form, no vestige left
Has death upon that cheek,
The heavenly spirit hath but slept,
A moment more 'twill speak.

Delusion vain, to that soft brow
The seal of fate is given,
'Tis sin keeps up an earthly show,
Her spirit sleeps in heav'n.

Then put a grave-stone at her head,
Another at her feet,
Memory shall henceforth be her bed,
And love her winding sheet.

Dear maid, into our hands we take
The rosemary and rue,
And this our last oblation make,
To friendship, truth, and you.

Enough, enough, let's leave the spot,
And wipe our weeping eyes;
The grave shall never be forgot,
Where dear Eliza lies.

S.
Mr. EDITOR,

In my opinion, there is nothing so disagreeable, as to be placed by the side of a clumsy, unmannerly fellow, at a dinner party; in which situation I had the

misfortune to be, not long ago. On being asked to pass me a plate of soup, the good gentleman thought proper to tilt it up, and send the contents, which were scalding hot, into my lap; for fear of disturbing the company, I bore this agonizing torture with patience, biting my lips all the time. He occasionally drank my wine instead of his own; and when he had no bread left, he very coolly helped himself to mine.

If there was any thing on the opposite side of the table, which he wished for, he stretched his arm across for it; at the same time upsetting some three or four glasses of wine into his neighbours laps.

I can assure you Mr. Editor, that before I rose from the table, my new coat, waist-coat, and trowsers, had tasted as many nice-ties from off the table as I had.

I am, Mr. Editor,
UN MIRIFLORE.

The Bite of Sir Ewan Dhu, of Lochiel.
On yonder mountains summit rocky,
Stands the fort of Inverlochy.
Whose chief detached a chosen band,
To devastate Sir Ewan's land.
—There is a sound upon the air,
Is it the thunder dread?
The deer is startled from his lair,
No! 'tis the warriors tread.

See! the sun's retiring glance;
Which late shone on the steathy,
Does glitter on the targe and lance,
Reflecting back the beam.

Lochiel assembled all his clan;
The struggle now was man to man;
Till at length the English fled,
Careering o'er the heaps of dead.

Onward drove, quick as the wind,
Lochiel and all his men;
'Twould have been happy for the foe,
Had they not been there then.

Onward they fly in dreadful rage,
Now overcome with fear;
This is for them their latest chase,

The foe is in the rear.
See! where Sir Ewan, head to hand,
With the opposing chief does stand.

Lochiel has now disarmed his foe;
They struggle, close, down, down they go,
Sir Ewan Dhu has fall'n below.

The Saxon's on his breast:
When springing upwards on his foe,
Sir Ewan's teeth compre'sd
The English throat with deadly spite;
And ending thus his strife,
Said "That was the sweetest bite,
That I've had in my life."

Query. Where ought he to go who wishes to consult a friend?

Answer. Ad Imam, up a hill,
Upward and upward still.

MR. EDITOR,

I am a foreigner, your English words are very funny. I did see one English lady very malade, I asked her what was the matter; she say, "she was very low," (in spirits) I thought that very odd; for I had asked one man, before, what was the price of peas, he say, "they are very low," (cheap.) I could not tell what the lady meant. Presently a friend of mine asked how the barometer was; he was answered "very low." Funnier still. I saw afterwards, two men boxing, and heard one say, "God damn you, you hit too low. In short sir, I find that cows low, and many other things which are very curious to a foreigner's ear, about the word low.

Yours ever,
Aforesaid Foreigner.

P. S. I also observed, that boys play at ball, and that people go to a ball. Very funny!

Yours very sincerely, Philo.

Pleasure.

Look at yon butterfly.

How pretty, how gay,

Seize him, pray quickly,

His hues pass away.

Tis the world it describes.

It's blossoms beware,

They do but conceal,

A snake lurking there,

Or a serpent in the grass.

To reason awaking,

Look, look at the bee,

The honey he's making,

'Tis a lesson for thee,

With prudence be thy guide,

Health is the measure,

The dealer is God,

With prudence be thy guide,

If the garden of pleasure,

With prudence be thy guide,

Health is the measure,

The dealer is God,

With prudence be thy guide,

Violent acts, foolish acts, may offend me, I

desire, when you offend me, most gently I

desire you to do.

To Correspondent. Your

We are sorry we have not room enough for the

insertion of Philo's letter.

We shall be most happy to receive any of La Jeune Voltaire's own composition, for the communications he sent us this week, are decidedly copied.

An anonymous Essay on Courage, and *Delta* on Content, are under consideration.

From Pluto, and *Philo's Short Lessons*, we shall be most happy to hear of any other subjects.

We are very sorry to have to notice the numerous typographical errors in our last number, but as the Printer has promised to be more careful for the future, we hope that our friends will pass over them with their usual good humor.

POETAE JUVENILES.

No. 6.

HORAE JUVENILES.

FRIDAY, MAY 28th, 1830.

No. 6.]

" My paper flows from no satiric vein,
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain." —DRYDEN.

Courage and Timidity.

IT is a very difficult thing to determine which is the best, to be timid or courageous; at first sight it may appear that to be courageous is infinitely the best, but upon consideration it will be found that the courageous man is placed in many dangerous situations by circumstances which could never have happened to a timid person.

The first impulse of a courageous man when he hears of any danger is to run into it, but that of a timid man is to run from it. It may be said that the latter loses honour; but he may console himself with what Falstaff says, " What is honour? He hath it, that died on Wednesday." Although the courageous man may be more admired, yet the timid man may be more respected.

It also may be urged that a courageous man is a defence both to his friends and to his country; but a timid man, although he is not a defence, yet he may be an assistance to his friends, for he will have none of that ambition which distinguishes a courageous man, and he will be content to plod on, and

thus succeed much better than the courageous man. Thus upon consideration, it will be found that the courageous man has the more dazzling, and the timid man the more substantial character.

Behold yon elderly man,

Disguis'd in school-boy's clothes;

How unlike the dying swan!

He sings, tho' so near his close;

The few who in pity read

The efforts of his sleeping muse,

Now turn round and cut him dead,

While he for patronage sues.

Crumona! oh! Crumona!

The poacher begins to nod,

He's almost wrapt in slumbers;

He soon must back to his rod,

Then cease, your blud'ring numbers.

But ire ne'er will work a breach,

Of duty; nor rouse his ire,

'Tis meet and just, he shall teach,

Our young ideas how to fire,

At the jackdaw in the fable.

[May 28th]

The juvenile hours glide by,
 Rob'd in the mantle of youth ;
 Breathing an amorous sigh
 On their thrifty housewife Truth.
 Crown then a bumper with wine,
 Sparkling with juvenile bliss ;
 Drink to that Midsummer time.
 When students fly home to kiss
 Fond mammas and sisters.

SILEX.

MR. EDITOR,

I cannot say that I agree with your correspondent, who says the most disagreeable thing is to be placed by the side of a "clumsy unmannly fellow" at a dinner party. I think there is nothing so disagreeable as to be on board a packet. I was in one, a few weeks back on my passage to France, and witnessed a scene which my pen is not capable of describing, but I think I can give you some idea of the confusion which took place on our departure.

On leaving Dover I took my station by the side of a long pole, which I believe they call a mast, holding on, as the sailors termed it, "like a true good'un," whilst the other passengers were flying across the deck at every roll the vessel gave; some of them lying down, others holding their heads over the side, (for what purpose I shall leave my readers to find out,) whilst the remainder were

down below in the cabin, only coming up now and then, as turtle would, to have a blow of the fresh air. I let go the mast for a minute or two, to walk a few paces, and had no sooner done it, than one of the sails caught my hat, and sent it overboard; I hollered out for the sailors to stop the vessel, but it was in vain: I found they cared no more for the loss of my new hat, than one would for the loss of a pin. These, Mr. Editor, I call disagreeables, and I can assure you I never was happier in my life than I was on my arrival in France.

I remain,

A LANDLUBBER.

A Valentine.

O Thomas I've oft
 Thought your look rather soft,
 And your wit like a bundle of wool;
 But believe me your wit
 Is a good match for it,
 As your manners bespeak you a fool.

You are graceful in mien,
 But your face seldom clean
 Oft shows tho' you strut with an air
 And whilst you are dancing,
 I think of the prancing,
 Of bears in Bartholemew Fair.

By reading of books,
 It has rendered your looks,

So amazingly dull, and so stupid;
 Dirty Dick may admire,
 But pray never aspire,
 A vot'ry to be of young Cupid's.

T. B.

MR. EDITOR,

There are some persons we dislike, and we don't know why; and though their external may be very prepossessing, and their manner extremely courteous, yet they carry about them a something which we are compelled to hate.

" I do not like thee Dr. Fell,
 " The reason why I cannot tell."
 Enough, I do not like thee Dr. Fell. It is not the Dr's. wig I dislike, it has an air of gravity; nor do I object to his clerical frontispiece; neither his eyes, for they have fire; nor his nose, it is aquiline and intelligent; he has a good leg, and a good living,—he is all that can be wished for as a contented, easy, college-bred, hunting parson. My dislike to him then can only be accounted for in a manner similar to that explained in the following manner.—“A man appeared before a magistrate in Spain, requesting a divorce from his wife: the magistrate knowing her to be a virtuous woman, put the question to him,—“ Is she not faithful?”—“ Yes.” “ Is she not careful?”—“ Yes.” “ Is she not rich?”—“ Yes,” answering in

the affirmative to every question put by his honour, but in praise of his wife. After all said the man taking off one of his shoes, hereis a new shoe, well made, long quartered, good leather, fashionably shaped, and in short appears perfect in its kind, but your worship, it pinches me.”

An Inscription on the Tomb-stone of Margaret Scott, who died at Dalkeith, in Scotland, on February 9th, 1738.

Stop passenger while my life you read;
 The living may get knowledge from the dead;
 Five times five years I lived a virgin life;
 Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife,
 Ten times five years I was a widow chaste,
 And tired of this mortal life I rest.
 From my cradle to my grave have seen,
 Eight mighty kings of Scotland, and a queen.
 Four times five years the common's-walch I
 saw,
 Ten times the subjects rose against the law;
 Twice did I see old prelacy pull'd down,
 And twice the cloak was humbled by the
 gown;
 And end of Stewart's race I saw no more;
 I saw my country sold for English ore.
 Such desolations in my time have been;
 I have an end of all perfection seen;

THB.
 I could not find any thing else general to

March of Intellect.

There is a plan set on foot, by the Missionary Society, for erecting a chapel close to the foundations of Westminster Bridge, for the accommodation of all way-faring fishes; they intend to buy the diving-bell, used at present to inspect the foundations, and erect it in the steeple of the chapel. Mr. Whale is to be the rector, Mr. Carp the officiating minister, and Mr. White-bait the clerk. They are also going to erect a dépôt for flannel waistcoats, when the weather gets colder, for those fishes who can get letters of recommendation. N.B. Suits of clothes and top boots made to order; lady-fishes measured at their own houses.

A. B.

MR. EDITOR,

It is in vain that all your correspondents try to bring forward miseries to surpass each other, for I now intend to bring forward one, which they never can equal, viz. the taking of a dose of physic. What a mysterious meaning is there in those few words, but how much more significant they seem to him, who has got to undergo it. In the morning when he wakes, how miserable he feels, not being able to compose himself to sleep, on account of the thoughts of his medicine.

He then waits in momentary expectation of having the glass with its contents brought

to him, but perhaps his nurse has that morning forgotten to bring it so early; he therefore tries to persuade himself that it will not come at all. Yet still he fancies that every noise is occasioned by the nurse coming with it. But at length, when all his worst expectations are verified, how he endeavours first of all to be asleep, but if that ruse will not succeed, he attempts to persuade his nurse to throw it away, but the nurses are such hard-hearted people, that they always refuse, saying, "it is for your own good, if I thought it would do you any good to throw it away, I would, but I cannot, and I will not." When at last all his attempts have failed, in a fit of desperation he snatches up the glass and—drinks it, I suppose you say, Mr. Editor, but I can assure you he only gets it half way to his mouth, for the noxious smell deters him from putting it any nearer. Till at length the nurse quite tired, declares that she will summon parental authority, and generally then (but not always,) it is taken.

Now, Mr. Editor, do you not own that the sufferings experienced by the sick person, surpass all those mentioned in your paper?

Your's truly,

LE MEDICIN MALGRE LUI.

Written Impromptu on seeing some superb Tapestry in a Lady's Room.

As cobwebb'd dresses are now all the fashion,
A factory here will supply half the nation.
To make ladies dresses or longer, or wider,
Encouragement's given to each busy spider.

The First and Last Leap.

It was a fine autumn evening, when as Alfred Conway was walking along the cliff, which overhangs a large tract of sand, always flooded at high tide, he perceived a chariot with post horses passing close under him, they had just turned a jutting cliff which the fast coming-in tide rendered it impossible to repass. From the direction of the horses heads he imagined that they must be trying to get on to B —, the next post-town, and as the road by the sands was much nearer than the common road, they had chosen it, notwithstanding the tide, and lateness of the hour.

He saw the impracticality of their escaping even with their lives if they persisted in going on; the height of the cliff, and the roaring of the sea, rendered it impossible for more stentorian lungs than his to be heard; at last he recollect ed that about half a mile further on, there was a winding path down the cliff, but he also knew, that before he could get there, his assistance would be useless.

There was only one way left, and that was to descend the cliff at the part where he now was, a perilous task even for one so well acquainted as he was with the place, but a stout heart fully balanced the difficulties he had to encounter; he had descended about seventy feet, when it terminated in a sheer precipice of about thirty feet; here was an obstacle to which a steady eye, and firm foot could oppose nothing, but his dauntless courage overcame even this; he saw the water had reached to the height of more than half the carriage wheels, and whatever efforts he might make to succour the persons in the carriage afterwards, would be useless.

He put one foot rather backwards, and giving a spring, was down by the side of the carriage in an instant. By this time the occupiers of the carriage (an elderly gentleman and a pretty girl,) were very much frightened; they however were soon conveyed to old Mr. Conway's house by the winding path. The house was situated about a mile from the cliff, and warm clothes, a nice supper, and a night's rest, soon restored them to their wonted tranquility. The carriage and all the moveables were destroyed, except the old gentleman's strong box, his private papers, and a little dog. This was Alfred Conway's first leap.

(*To be continued.*)

A. B.

Fair Day.

I was stopping at an inn, some short time since in the small village of B, when one morning the landlord, as he was taking away my breakfast things, said, that there was a grand fair to be held at a neighbouring down; having never seen such a thing before, I determined to go there. I accordingly set out, and was highly pleased with the jocund appearance of the lasses dressed out in their Sunday best, and coqueting with their great lubberly beaux, who seemed as if they did not know what to do with their arms, which were swinging about like the sails of a windmill. Well, all went on very well till after the fair, when as they were returning laden with various things, a heavy shower of rain came on: oh ye gods, what confusion!! here you might see a country girl displaying a fine bonnet which she had bought, which was now utterly spoilt. There a bumpkin, who instead of succouring the ladies, only thought of finding a shelter for himself, and dashing through a crowd of desponding females, sent one sprawling one way, and another another way. In short, it was truly horrifying.

PLUTO.

Rural Felicity.

Look at yonder vale, and there you'll see
Peace hand in hand with sweet tranquillity.
The cottager contented with his lot,
Sits with his wife and child before his cot;

He from his mouth his lighted pipe suspends;
And o'er his grounds his joyous eyes he tends;
His corn ne'r's blighted, his harvests never
fail:
I envy thee, thou dweller in the vale.
The nightingale begins her voice to raise,
The thrush and lark to sing their own self-
praise;
His tender wife hastens on every morn
To feed his chicks, with barley and with corn;
Then next her care to milk his lowing cows,
And then to feed his tender sheep and sows;
His heart exalts to see his stock increase,
He wakes with joy, and he does sleep in
peace;
But who knows not that he may e'er to-
morrow,
Taste of sharp death, or feel from bitter
sorrow;
That he, alas! great Nature's debt must
pay,
On that unknown, inevitable day!

THEODORE SEYMOUR.

Miscellany.

We are again compelled to affix a supple-
ment to our paper, on account of the enum-
erous communications, which we receive from
all quarters.

We assure our readers that nothing is so
gratifying to our feelings, as to have received

so many articles, as it convinces us, that our attempts to please are not in vain.

We often look back to the time when No. 1. of the "Illustrious Stranger" first appeared, and make a comparison between that and the "Horse Juveniles," and the result is most flattering to us. It is with pleasure that we see in each of our numbers a manifest improvement in every article, and we are sure that the publick think the same, by the numerous epistles we have received this week. If this is always the case, we need not fear the calumnies and attacks of our adversary.

We are glad to see, however, that lately the "Youthful Amateur" has not attacked us so vehemently as formerly.

We hope that the production which is offered this week to the publick, may prove amusing and acceptable, and that we may always deserve the approbation, which our friends have been pleased to favour us with.

MR. EDITOR,

I have often thought it would be a curious and amusing thing to endeavour to trace my imagination; the future pursuits of us schoolboys, and, in some degree, to look forward to the man of after years. In this very assembly, may be

the future successful soldier, or sailor, who is destined to raise his country's fame, and his own to glory and greatness. Here may be concealed in embryo the poet and historian, the lawyer or clergyman, who may at some future day enlighten his fellows, by his talents, or exertions. Gray, in his Elegy, which I met with the other day in the Speaker, alludes to such an idea;

" Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest,

Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

At any rate, the hope of future eminence and success is, and must be, a great incentive to a proper use of the present period. It is now that the seeds of future harvests are to be sown, and who knows, among us, what may be his destination in after life. Our course, now seems clear, and is direct before us, namely, that we should endeavour to acquire all the possible knowledge which is offered for our guidance, in order that we may try to adapt ourselves to whatever lot may befall us in after life. All anxiety for what may come, I would dismiss from my thoughts, for at our early years the

future is always bright; yet those acquirements which are now offered to us, in my idea, should be carefully received. If, Mr. Editor, you agree with me, or think these few sentences worth inserting in your "Horæ Juveniles," you will much oblige

COGITATOR.

MR. EDITOR,

As it has frequently been my lot to meet with persons who, having no *original* ideas of their own, and being accustomed to think the same as those around them, are always agreeing in all one's opinions and sentiments. I have troubled you with these few lines, which I trust you will have the goodness to insert in your interesting paper, as I feel anxious to know, whether this annoyance is felt by others, or if I am indeed, (as I have been told,) a very singular being. I feel certain that you will agree with me, in admitting that with such persons as I refer to, it is impossible to have any thing like conversation, as one might obtain equal instruction and amusement from a parrot, and yet I fear that nine persons out of twelve, (particularly among the fairer sex,) answer this description; so I suppose that as "there is nothing new under the sun," I must attribute it to the bounded views and capacities of mankind. I recollect once reading a work of Madame de Staél's, in

which she says, "Imitation operates as a species of mental death, as it so far deprives the imitator of the use, or existence of that peculiar genius imparted to him by nature;" I was much pleased with this elegant idea, as it quite accorded with my own, and yet it is curious to observe how from our earliest childhood we imitate those around us; indeed, I can speak feelingly upon this subject, as I am the eldest of a large family, consequently the model for all the younger fry, and I have long given up the hope of keeping a single opinion, or bit of wit to myself.

Trusting that through the medium of your paper, I may meet with some fellow-sufferer, who can enter into my feelings,

I remain your obedient Servt,

A WOULD-BE ORIGINAL.

To Correspondents.

L. B. L. is too nonsensical for our columns, but we think from his style, if he would employ his pen upon other subjects, he would succeed.

D. T. will see that his hint has been attended to in this number.

P———n may be very fine, but we cannot see the point of it.

A correspondent has expressed his surprise at our condescending to notice the "Youthful Amateurs," but we were constrained by the virulence and falsehood of their attacks, to answer them.

POETAE JUVENILES.

No. 7.

POOR JUVENILES.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4th, 1830.

No. 7.]

" My paper flows from no satiric vein,
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain." —DRYDEN.

To the Public.

WE cannot but express our admiration of the criticism in the last number of the Youthful Amateur, though we may say that it went somewhat in stilts. We have much regard for that gentleman's learning, and he need scarcely have informed us that he has lately read Hor. Art. Poet. though we trust he will turn it henceforth to better advantage than employ its golden doctrines on so trifling a subject: we have no notion of putting our tears for a departed friend into *hexes* and *pens*; and *Iacitus Lordo* is perfectly at variance with unaffected regret. But quare, will not poetical licence enable us to open the coffin at the grave, without sending the nigris lictores or undertakers back with it, to give critics an opportunity of using their lessons in Hor. Art. Poet.? certainly it will. Let that gentleman read it again; we are sure he will admit the defence, and we beg to assure him that henceforth our scraps perfunctoria ad unguem, shall be done to a turn.

On Winter.

Ah! why, unfeeling Winter! why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy season, fly,
And yield the year to Spring.

Among all the seasons of the year I think there is not one to be more dreaded than winter. How dreary and gloomy does everything look; all the beauties of summer are gone, and not a leaf to be seen on the trees, save those on the lonely holly. This is certainly the most disagreeable and tantalizing time of the year for schoolboys, who anxiously watch for the holding up of the weather to join in their favourite games; but alas! it is all in vain, for when the weather is at all mild, there is sure to be a fog or heavy mist in the atmosphere, and when it is fine it is so extremely cold that the most violent exercise we can take will not keep us warm, for, says Crabbe,

" A dreadful winter came each day severe,
Misty when mild, and icy-cold when clear,

With what joy is it we behold, after a long and severe winter, the approach of spring. The weather becomes clear and serene, the trees begin to display their former beauty, and we once more find ourselves engaged in that charming game cricket, which will always compensate for the long confinement we experience in winter.

FRIGIDUS.

By ——————
On Love.

Oh haste thine love, haste thee; the winds of
the west

Have kiss'd into slumber the lake, o'er whose
breast

My bark in the gloom like a spirit doth glide,
With dimpling track o'er the deep tranquill

tide.

Now the rounded moon rises

Unclouded and bright,
And the bosom of nature

Reposes in light.

And the small stars in clusters
Are sparkling the skies.

In the great arch of heaven,
Like love's sparkling eyes.

In the sheen of the moonbeam,
The rippling spray,

Like bright flights of diamonds,
Glides past me away.

Then haste thine love, haste thee, in this
silent hour;

While darkness is guarding each blossom
and bower,

While nature is bound 'neath the sceptre of
sleep,

While silence and solitude reign o'er the
deep:

Like shadows we'll wander, in a world of
one own

And think that love lives in our bosoms alone.

I shall see your own bright **Sun**,
and **be continued**.

The First and Last Leap

CONTINUED.

At was late one stormy evening, I shall
never forget that evening, the lightning
from time to time, illumining every thing,
like noon-day, when I perceived a man har-
rying out of a gaming house, in the town of
Gibraltar, and rapidly proceeding up the as-
cent which leads towards the fortifications,
which overhang the northern precipice of the
rock. I was then stationed with my regi-
ment on duty at Gibraltar, and was so struck
with the man's appearance, that I could not
help following him. He appeared about
thirty years of age, and teats of handsome-
ness were still visible in his manly coun-
tenance; in that countenance you could read
a tale of early blighted love, of high courage,

which had now sunk into a sort of recklessness, brought on by despair, and the traces of a lofty soul: these were the best shades; in the nearer search you might discern revenge and murder, deeds too dark to be mentioned; and yet there was something in the whole figure of the man, which caused you to spurn the idea that they were natural, or that they were anything else than the effects of a spirit that could not brook control. The stranger proceeded rapidly onward, I followed as quickly as the darkness of the night, and the difficulty of following him without being perceived, would permit. When he had reached the northern part of the rock, where the descent is highest, and indeed impracticable, he paused; and I concealed myself behind one of the battlements, in order to observe, with the aid of the lightning (which was now very vivid), his movements, with the least chance of being seen. I perceived him look towards the sea, which was in vain breaking its foam against the bottom of the rock, and it seemed to bring a painful recollection to his mind, for uttering but one shriek, he jumped from the rock. I rushed forward, and for a moment, by the aid of a flash of lightning, I perceived him buffeting with the waves; the next flash revealed nothing but the foaming water, and his body was next morning found about two miles further on the beach, so mutilated that nobody recognised it but myself, who had wit-

nessed this distressing scene. That man was Alfred Conway! To make a long story short, he had fallen in love with the young lady he had saved; her father refused him on account of his property, which was very small—he thought the young lady was cool—entered into a regiment ordered out to Gibraltar in a fit of passion; he afterwards heard that the young lady had married—he drank deep to dissipate care; drinking led to gambling; he played for his commission, lost it: his colonel venturing to remonstrate with him upon his conduct; he in a moment of distraction killed his kind adviser, and then in a state bordering upon madness, threw himself headlong into eternity:

A. B.

Shaving gratis.

An Irishman, I trow, no fop,
Once entered in a barber's shop,
And asked like others from the sod,
To shave him for the love of God.
The barber scarcely could refuse,
So took a rusty knife to use,
And water cold, and scrubbed him hard,
Still patient Pat said not a word.
But soon a cat began to cry,
The barber asked the reason why,
No longer able to endure,
What want of money could not cure,
Poor Pat replied, "Like me, Ecod!
They're shaving puss for love of God."

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*The adventures of a Latin Grammar,
written by itself.*

MR. EDITOR,

Do not be surprised at hearing the memoirs of a Latin Grammar; for after a pin, a kitten, &c. have offered the details of their lives to the public, surely a Latin grammar, which possesses so much more learning, will not be thought presuming if it does the same. To begin then Mr. Editor, I first saw the light at Whittaker's, where with many others of my brethren, I was deposited upon a counter, ready for sale. Before I had been there long, a gentleman entered with his son, who was a ruddy, good-looking boy, about nine years of age; and asked the shopman for a Latin grammar. As I was the top book, the shopman fixed upon me, and the gentleman accordingly paid his money and departed, carrying me with him. Before he had reached home, I discovered his name was Sumner, and that I was designed to be sent with his youngest son, who was then walking with him, to school. As it was the first time my new master had ever left home, there was a great deal of crying; and he took his leave accompanied with many admonitions. On his arrival at school he was welcomed by his master, a good humoured man, of the name of Dinton, who recommended him to the care of one of his brothers. For some time he appeared to be very sorrowful,

at leaving home, but this soon wore off. At last I was called in requisition, as my young master was ordered to begin Latin.

The first thing of any importance which occurred to me was, that I had the misfortune of having an inkstand upset over me, which was caused by young Sumner quarrelling with one of his schoolfellows, in the course of which the above accident happened; but I soon after had the pleasure of seeing them severely punished, for this occurred in school time. My young owner, I soon discovered, was more addicted to play, than to learn his lessons, and in consequence of this he was often severely reprimanded. One day after he had received a very long task, in a fit of passion he seized me, and threw me on the ground, where I remained for some time very much battered, and I now lost all my original sleekness. Soon after this my possessor complained to his father of having inordinate tasks given him, and being humoured by his father was removed. I was sent in a large box with many other books, to Mr. Sumner's, and in consequence of the jolting of the coach, the box fell from the top of the stage, and all the books were dispersed in the road, but they were everyone picked up, but me, who being very dirty and dirty, was not seen, and was left in the road, where at last I was found by a little boy.

To be continued.

MR. EDITOR, &c. &c. &c.

It's all copied, it's all copied; was reiterated several times the other morning behind me; on turning round I perceived a person with the Horæ Juveniles in his hand, evidently discomposed. On asking him again what he meant, he burst forth again with the words above mentioned; and not before I had repeated the question several times, did I receive an answer. At last he began the paper, and protested first that one letter was taken from a novel, another from the Spectator, and different scraps from the Newspapers; but before he had half finished I stopped him short; and begged him to bring proofs, or at least to shew me the book. It was no use, he still went on in the same manner. At length I turned away, quite disgusted with a person who for such a trifle, could let envy overcome him. Hoping that this gentleman will reflect how foolish he makes himself look every Friday,

I remain,

MORTON.

MR. EDITOR, &c. &c. &c. I have often observed that there is no place where men appear less intellectual than in company, and that usually in proportion to the refinement of that company. In the atmosphere of the better minds there seems to be a density

which debilitates the mind, puts a curb in every simple and natural thought and expression, and makes one afraid of uttering a sentiment for fear that it might appear pedantic and out of season. This is often the reason that a dead silence prevails till wine or glasses either awake the insensibility of the fool, or reduces the acumen of the wise to a state of puerility and folly. Sometimes one, as if ashamed of the indigna silentia, commences conversation, which he is afraid to raise to any higher key than "it's a very fine night," or "very unpleasant weather," "the day has been very warm," "the park was very full," &c.; to which last, some timid smart young gentleman, wishing to let the simpering misses know that he is not dumb, and has sense enough to become their husband, replies, "yes, but it was not so full as the day before." Another gentleman, desirous to let people know he likes politics, though he knows nothing about it, observes the enormous increase of the national debt. A friend of his, fearing lest so keen a remark may attract, answers, with little more than a mere reflexion of his memory, "yes, the country has been at a great expence. If you had more room I could write pages on the frippery, frivolity, stupidity, dulness, weariness of a select party, where every thing is said, and no one has any thing to say."

MR. EDITOR,

A few weeks back I wrote you a letter complaining of the many disadvantages I was under as Editor, and requested you to inform me how I might alleviate them; but alas you have been silent. I again beg you to pity me or else I must resign. I sag every day until I am knocked up, and exert all my talent in order to make my paper as pleasing as possible, but all in vain: I have very few readers, no well-wishers, and worst of all no correspondents. Again I intreat you to listen to the request of a.

FELLOW EDITOR.

Your case is very similar to that of a rival paper. We can tell you one reason, which is the chief and almost the only reason, and until that be removed you can never expect to be released from your disabilities; that is, you are too old, if you can remedy that inconvenience your affairs will prosper.

The Banshee.

I was making a tour in Ireland two or three years ago, when being benighted on

my way from S. to the small hamlet of H. I knocked at the door of a cottage, and finding that when I entered, the inhabitants were in a state of alarm, I asked the cause; they replied that they had seen a banshee. While I was laughing at this superstition I was startled by a loud wailing apparently made by a female. I instantly got up, followed by the cottagers, and opening the door, perceived a woman clothed in white bending over a small stream, and uttering most lamentable cries. The cottagers, almost palsied with fear, pulled me in, and shutting the door, prostrated themselves in prayer to the virgin Mary. To add to their terror, a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, and at intervals the loud cries of the banshee might be distinguished amid the roaring of the wind. At last the thunder became more distant and ceased. In the morning, accompanied by the terrified cottagers, I went to the place where we had seen the banshee. I laughingly said "I was sorry I did not know where she resided, or that I might enquire for her Ladyship's health, for I supposed she must have a good wetting after her last night's excursion." The cottagers however were very much offended at my impiety as they called it, in talking thus jeeringly. They were however very glad to hear that I intended stopping with them for two or three days longer. The next night the Banshee

appeared, and again the night following; she then totally disappeared, to the great relief of all the hamlet. A fine youth, who was slightly ill at the time when the banshee was first seen, died two or three days afterwards, his illness having terminated in a raging fever, and nothing that I could do, could prevent the superstitious people from firmly believing that the banshee had caused his death, because he had cut down an old oak under which she (as they said) was accustomed to sit. They would not speak to his father, or any of his relations for fear of incurring her displeasure, and as I had spoken rather jestingly of her, I thought I might depart as soon as possible. There are a great many other superstitions among the lower Irish of which I shall give a description at another period.

P. L. U. T. R. O.

MR. EDITOR,

I hope you will not think it presuming of me to send you the following verses; but as they are the first humble efforts of my muse, I hope you will excuse any fault which you may discover, for I intended them only to please your junior readers.

Jack Order was a country clown,
Of person large and fat;
He wish'd to see great London town,
And bought new clothes and hat.

His rib was of his own vast size,
And thought the same as he;
Quoth she, "I wish with both my eyes
This famous town to see."

Quoth he "On Monday we will go,
Right early in the morn,
That day is thirty years ago,
Since first that you were born.

Before our jourhey we begin,
We'll have a place no doubt,
Where we can lunch, 'twould be a sin
That we should go without.

The morning came, and in new clothes
Jack early had been dress'd,
His own dear spouse herself was strapp'd
In all her Sunday best.

The cart was brought unto the door,
And saddled was the nag,
But before that they had gone half way,
The hack began to lag.

Jack thrash'd the beast right o'er and o'er,
At which he only backed,
Poor Jack then thrash'd him more and more,
He fell—his knees were crack'd.

Quoth he to spouse, "What shall I do?
I'll fetch him one more whack;
It's no avail; then we must go
That dreary long way back."

Quoth she, enrag'd, "Suppose we do,
We can't leave Ned behind;
No, no, some patience I will shew,
And wait till help I find."

Quoth he, "Should any person pass,
We'll hoist him in the cart;"
"Well, well," said she, "then that will do;
For I with Ned wont part."

Here comes a man ever in luck's way,
Pray sir give us a lift:
You see that in predicament;
We're forced to make a shift."

Poor Jack was made to draw the cart,
Contrary to his mind,
His persevering spouse began
To help him from behind.

Poor Ned was in, and on they went,
Both weeping with their lot;
Orner he could not go that day,
Whether he would or not.

A Fable.

There was once a community of Birds,
about 100, and they had taken up their habi-

tation about thirty years ago near a large settlement of Jack Daws. And there was a king and prime minister over them, and the prime minister was a new and foreign bird and had been elsewhere to learn manners. He pretended to like the subjects and to conform to their customs as his predecessor had done; but instead of performing all his promises, he tried to introduce new customs, and new laws, and he laid on heavy taxes, and oppressed the subjects. Not the community have formed a body, and intend to represent their distresses to the king, and from his clement and merciful character, a quick redress of their wrongs is to be expected.

— — — — — *Answer*

To Correspondents.

We were afraid that our old correspondent Mneme had quite forgotten the Horæ Juveniles. We thank him for his verses, and hope that from henceforth he will not be silent. Thanks once more to our correspondents who have been so kind as to favour us again.

Thompson on Cricket is a foolish letter.

The advice of Amator will be attended to.

One of our correspondents has asked if there be not another editor to the Youthful Amateur? "Yes, there is."

Zero in our next.

The Adventures of Réport, Samson, and Monitor are under consideration.

We have inserted the verses on Jack Orner on purpose to please our young readers.

MORAE JUVENILES.

No. 8.

HORAE JUVENILES.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11th, 1830.

No. 8.]

"My paper flows from no satiric vein,
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain." —DAYBEN.

To the Public.

We are obliged to notice again the Y. A. for it has again attacked us with its usual spirit of malignity; but we advise them before they criticise our paper, to attend to their own.

The verses "On the Death of —— in their last, are but a poor attempt.

Lines to R. B. P. Esq. we are afraid will keep that gentleman from granting another holyday to avoid being addressed in such villainous verse.

There is also a poem, called the "Bark of Life," which we cannot say reflects much credit on the writer, or receiver; the former for want of sense, the latter for want of judgment: at the same time we thank the Author for letting us know his taste for variety:—he embarks on a sea on a very fine day—and we suppose he has a design to titillate the olfactory nerves of his fellow navigators, with the *halo* not the *earl* of roses, during their voyage; if we may judge by his "full blown roses" on the sea shore; but we are not surprised at the gentleman's taste, living so near Mr. Kirke's nursery.

In the second verse, the gentleman seems to have encountered any thing but a trade wind; for instead of being on the sea, his vessel is trimly dropping down the river—and so peacefully, that he seems perfectly unwilling to leave it; never dreaming that peaceful streams

"Can lead to troubled seas."
So much for incongruity; now for monotony and tautology,

"But onward as life's vessel goes,
And not a wind that's adverse blows,"
Now mark!

"Lo! clouds arise,
In far off skies."
"And soon alas! those storms arise,
And blacken o'er our cloudless skies."

"But the sun of hope sinks too,"
"But hope revives—the tempest slack
May thicken round life's fragile bark."

We presume that the sun of hope revives, and then religion's star appears, and turns steersman, conducting the whole of this monotonous jargon to a happy close, than which, nothing can be more agreeable to

such as have courage enough to read it to the end. We would say more, did not the wretchedness of the thing, already blame our reason for having said too much.

The writer of the "Indian Gaucho," describes foreigners he has neither seen, and to judge by his description, read of. "The May Lilies" is just such a piece as ought to keep the others company.

ON LOVE.

CONTINUED.

The song had ceased, and o'er the tide
 It's sounds of sweetness faintly fell ;
 It's echos wafted far and wide,
 Reply no more from vale or dell ;
 But as the voice in distance died,
 Minstrel I thought thou hadst sung well.
 Our life would be a dark cold dream,
 But for the radiance of love's light,
 Which colours with it's rainbow beam,
 Earth, ocean, air, and day and night,
 And all that ire deem beauteous bright,
 More heavenly in it's vision gleam.
 Vision of bliss, whose transient flight
 Eludes the grasp, but charms the sight,
 Like radiance sparkling in the stream :
 In sooth we ought while yet we may,
 Gather the dew drops of day-light,
 And view them glistening in love's ray,
 Ere age shall shroud us in its night.

SILEX.

SIR,

Lest my Lyrical fragments should be brought under the pruning knife of your critical exorcist, I beg to assure him and you, that the guilt of fabricating the few effusions stamped with a Silex, is to be placed at my door only—Poor as they are in substance, they nevertheless possess the merit of being original ; and however he may vent his "deliramenta doctrinæ" in attempting to affix on your correspondents the stigma of making irruptions into the temple of Genius, he will find facts against his unfounded mere assertions.

Your hasty friend,
 SILEX.

On the approach of the Midsummer Vacation.

Ye Blemell youths, dispel your sighs,
 Your spirits raise unto the skies,
 Think, only think how very near,
 The holydays do now appear.
 Then's the time our books to shut,
 And when at home in town to strut :
 Ye country youths you have your wish,
 You join your friends to hunt or fish.
 You'll all go home with happy faces,
 Some to see the Ascot races,
 Some will go the play to see,
 Some the great Menagerie.

The holydays do pass so quick,
They make us wish them at old Nick ;
But we'll enjoy them while they last,
And wont be mournful till they're past.

X. Y. Z.

An Anecdote.

It was the wont of a certain celebrated divine, who kept a school near London, when he had a class to teach, after he had heard one boy say his lesson, to turn abruptly to another, saying, " *Suppose* you go on." One day he turned to a boy (who thought he would have a joke at his master's expense) with his usual exclamation " *Suppose* you go on." The boy was silent. The learned divine, who was a very choleric man, immediately said " And pray sir why do you not go on? did I not tell you? I thought sir, replied the boy, it was merely a *supposition*.

A. B.

Verses written near the Sea side.

'Mong fields as green as e'er were seen,
I'm taking now my way.
On every side, where'er I glide,
Appear the sweets of May.

A silver stream, such as you'd deem
Thro' fairy land should flow,
Is wand'ring here, while freshly near,
The hawthorn bushes blow.

Mute silence reigns throughout the plains,
The sun unclouded beams,
A gentle gale plays through the vale,
Quiet the country seems.

No voice is heard, save of that bird
Who woes his mate on high,
On airy wings aloft he springs,
And seeks the cloudless sky.

And if I glance towards th' expanse,
Where ocean's wave appears,
Their distant roar upon the shore,
Can hardly reach my ear.'

Can scenes like these, e'er fail to please,
Where nature cries rejoice !

Can man's rapt soul it's joys controul,
Nor kindle at her voice.

Her power I feel throughout me steal,
Asserting every right;
Enchanting hope, gives fancy scope,
And all the world looks bright.

Δ

MR. EDITOR,

It is wonderful how much sway superstition has over the minds of men, and it is perhaps still more surprising that the wisest men partake of this mental debility, almost to as great an extent as the most ignorant. There are various causes for this folly, amongst the foremost are solitude, evil conscience, hypochondriasis, grief, &c.

and I believe such causes may people the air with as many sprites, hobgoblins, and demons, at the present day, as they did in the romantic days of Chaucer, Spencer, Ariosto, Dante, and other ghost makers of similar pretensions. Brutus saw a Ghost at Philippi. Dr. Johnson was touched a little with the mania of the Cock Lane ghost. But what I consider the most ludicrous kind of superstition is such as the following facts will explain. I was dining at a friend's house, when in the midst of the dinner a lady with a mob cap and large pockets, suddenly screamed a scream, accompanying it with these words, "the salt! the salt!" when I found I had unluckily overturned the salt cellar—of course unluckily. Going out one day to transact some affair of doubtful issue for a very ancient relative, I was suddenly aroused by receiving a blow on my occiput from an old shoe; on returning to know the cause, the old one flew out of the room, and entreated me in the name of all the saints not to come back; it would be sinister, so I pocketed the affront, and sure enough the affair turned out lucky. Another time I bought a pen-knife for a delicate young lady, it cost me seven shillings; when presenting it to her, I felt extremely mortified by her giving me a half-penny in return; but my wonder was excited to a state of ridicule on her reason, which was, "or otherwise it might cut love in *twice one*." M.N.R.M.B.

Optical Delusion.

In a country town there liv'd a wight,
A butcher he, and short of sight;
Who when to market he did go,
Oft bought a wether for an ewe;
And as mistakes like these awoke
The sawney's laugh, the village joke.
Away to market, and he buys
A pair of artificial eyes.
But chance would have it, that to view,
These village pebbles told not true,
And magnified in ratio ten,
Horses, asses, sheep, and men.
With these the butcher took his way,
And made a bargain that same day;
For,—for an ox (it makes me laugh,)
What d'ye think he bought?—a calf.

OPHTHALMUS.

PARODY ON THE WITCHES SCENE IN MACBETH.

SCENE—School-room, head master's desk, three Ed's of the Y. A. sitting at the desk; a sheet of blank paper lying before them, contributions scattered about.

- (I) Seven times the Horse has seen light,
- (II) Eight times the Amateur has put it to flight,
- (III) Now for compositions, 'tis time 'tis time
- (I) What think you of these verses? will they rhyme?

They're on the death of —— a very fit thing
 To insert in this sheet, of nonsense the spring.
 Or put in the verses about " R. B. P."
 Or the " Gaucho alias Indian Dandy "
 Or else " Charley Wag " about the H. J.
 Or the " Bark of Life " described so gay.

CHORUS.

Put in, put in, all we can get,
 If there's not enough we'll borrow some wit.
 (I) Here will we notice the nonsense and
 stuff
 Of "Silex," as also we'll mention the puff,
 Which sent the poor Land-lubber's hat far
 away.

We'll criticise likewise the "Valentine" in
 May.
 The "March of Intellect's" by a vender of
 fish,
 " Le medicin malgré lui " makes me cry
 "Pish".
 " Cogitator " quotes without any reason,
 While 'gainst the fair sex, " Original " plots
 treason.

To insert it all in this little sheet,
 Speak, Speak, is it fitting and meet?

CHORUS.

Put in, put in, all we can get,
 If there's not enough we'll borrow some wit.

Enter Hecate or Head Ed'r.

Hecate.

I commend you all for your very great zeal,
 If you've not got enough, borrow or steal,
 And ev'ry one here, by subscribing his name,
 Of this clever paper will share the great fame.

SONG.

Good pieces and bad,
 Clever and dull,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle
 In my numskull.

By the noise in the passage, I hear,
 The Horæ J's are coming near;
 Let us all disperse I say,
 Helter, skelter, off, away.

[*exeunt Hecate and Ed's.*

A. B.

The Brahmin.

Close by the slow majestic stream,
 Of Ganges silver flood,
 His eyes reclining on the ground,
 An aged Brahmin stood.

Of Brahmin first he sounds the praise,
 Of Vishnu next he sings,
 Then having finished he departs,
 And costly offerings brings.

Thus while his superstitious vows,
 In silent awe he pays,
 The day recedes, upon the stream,
 The setting sun-beam plays.

Then thither led by accident,
 A Missionary comes,
 Who fired by bold and ardent zeal,
 Unto the Brahmin runs.

Forbear thy sacrilegious rites,
 (He cries) nor tempt thy God,
 To crush thy venerable head,
 With his avenging rod.

He paused; the Brahmin quite o'ercome
 With fear, to Vishnu cried,
 " Save me from yonder christian's touch,"
 Then sinking down, he died.

The Missionary leaned o'er
 His corpse; while thus he saith
 " Ill fated man, thy pagan zeal
 Has this day caus'd thy death."

When turning round, to his surprise
 Kulima met his view,
 A priestess who of all the land,
 To Brahma proved most true.

" Christian," she cried, thy murd'rous hand
 Has laid my father low."

The Missionary mild, replied,
 " Twas Brahma caus'd the blow."

Then rising up with eyes reclin'd,
 His tedious way pursued,
 By God his spirits now refresh'd,
 By God his strength renew'd.

PLUTO.

Advertisement.

WANTED, a good well written Holyday Letter, for an old school-boy, who has used so many different sorts, that he does not

know how to begin another. It must be void of the old beginning, "*It is with great pleasure,*" &c. For further particulars, enquire (if by letter, post paid) at No. 1, Upper Desk Street.

The Adventures of a Latin Grammar,
 CONTINUED.

I was taken by the little boy who picked me up, to his residence, which was a small farm, situated on the high road, not very far from Dorking. He was, I discovered, intended to be sent to a grammar school, where the sons of poor people are educated very cheaply. He was of a very gentle disposition, and very fond of learning. He succeeded at this grammar school, and obtained the prize given at the end of the half-year; and you cannot imagine how joyfully he was received. But his temper was so obliging, that he one day was persuaded to play truant, and running over a field to avoid being detected, he let me fall, but did not stop to pick me up. Soon after, two clodpoles came by, took me up, and looked at me attentively; and not being able to understand what it was they had found, they took me to their house, and one of my leaves was torn out to light a candle. Imagine my feelings at being thus treated by a set of ignorant wretches. I really * * * * *

Note—Here the manuscript become so illegible, on account of the numerous tears shed by the Latin Grammar, that we are not able to proceed.

MR. EDITOR,

What can be worse than a parasite, that mean, grovelling being, that fawner and flatterer. That man who is despised by every one; who for a trifle will sell his honor, lie, defame a man's character, and stop not at any base action. The king, the rich, and often the poor have their parasite. He is generally the butt of his patron, the manager of his affairs, and his secretary; he will flatter, fawn, and often cheat him. He is an invaluable acquisition to the extravagant young lord, for he fights his battles, cheats his creditors, and in the house, or at a public dinner, prompts him. The country squire cannot do without him at an election, he proposes, canvasses, supports, and makes speeches for him. The literary parasite, or in milder records, flatterer, writes works, which he gives out as his patron's, dedicates books, and makes him the subject of his prose and verse. And by praising up the talent and generosity, by extolling the bravery of some great man, who perhaps does not possess one of these qualities, procures himself the leave of dining at his table. The last sort I witnessed the other day, in a work with

which you are well acquainted; the person was decidedly looking out for a patron, but I think has lost one. Leaving you to find out the person,

I remain, yours,

ZENO.

On Jealousy.

What monstrous form with haggard mien,
Striking wild horror to my heart,
Fills thus my veins whenever seen,
With dread, nought else could e're impart.

'Tis jealousy my sight appals,
That frights the sense of feeble man,
And casts such horrors around on all,
Through life's contracted plan.

O screen me, heaven! from this dread foe,
Steel all my nerves 'gainst his embrace,
Whate'er thy will shall send of woe;
To chasten now our sinful race,
From this dire grief, thy servant spare,
Give him to 'scape this heart's corroding care.

△.

MR. EDITOR,

You mention in your paper that you have been accused of having some parts of your pages copied, but there is no occasion to notice it, unless it is to

think how much praise it reflects on you that your papers should be so good as to make people think they have been copied. For my part, those people that say so, must be poor composers themselves, but though I be a poor correspondent myself, yet I am not of the same opinion.

CRITIC

Courage.

Courage may be divided into two sorts; namely, courage of the mind, and courage of the body; of these the former is more becoming the human race, and the latter more becoming beasts.

The courage of the mind is that species of firmness which resists the idea of any thing, which is not perfectly evident to the senses. The courage of the mind is nothing more than a strong mind, and a strong mind will not admit of any thing of which it is not perfectly convinced. A strong mind will therefore never bend under the trammels of superstition, nor be the slave of cowardly monks.

The courage of the body is nothing more than the being able to bear blows, fatigue, and torture, which may indeed be borne by any of the brute creation. It is no recom-

mendation to a man's mind to posses the latter quality, it is no more than if spirit in fighting should be a proof, that a prize-fighter is a man of high spiritual, because he has high animal courage.

A. B.

To Correspondents.

We have to thank our hardy friend Silex for the communications which he has been kind enough to favour us with. We esteem him as an able correspondent, and shall always be most happy to hear from him.

Brutus and Wiseacre are under consideration.

Our old correspondent Lyra we are afraid has forgotten the Horæ Juveniles, but we hope to hear from him again: our box shall always be open to his valuable contributions.

We should advise Boileau to try his hand at English verse, instead of French, for his last was but poor in our estimation.

We are sorry to see that the gentleman, whom Morton alludes to in our last, "will not reflect how foolish he makes himself look every Friday."

The first attempt of A is very good, and we have no doubt that after a little more practice, he will make a good poet.

We once more thank our correspondents in general for their unremitting contributions.

MORAE JUVENILES.

No. 9.

HORÆ JUVENILES.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18th, 1830.

No.9.]

" My paper flows from no satiric vein,
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain."—DRYDEN.

To the Public.

THE half-year is rapidly drawing to a close, and this will be the last number of the "Horæ Juveniles." We could not—we cannot suffer this opportunity to pass, without returning to you all our hearty thanks for your assistance. To you, our committee, who have with such zeal supported, and assisted us through the whole of this half; to you, contributors, by whose aid the "Horæ" has gained such success; to you again all our schoolfellows who have patronized us, we beg you to accept our unfeigned acknowledgments. It is to you all that the "Horæ" is indebted for the fame it has acquired, without your powerful co-operation it would long ere this have fallen. Ye Editors of the "Youthful Amateur" our rivals, forgetting all our animosities, and rivalship, we hope to part as rivals for fame ought, good friends!

Now throwing aside the mask which we have for so long a time worn, we, simply your fellow companions, wishing you plea-

sant holydays, health, and happiness, and trusting that our labours have afforded you some little amusement this half-year, bid you all, Farewell!!!

To Helen on her Birth-day.

Dear Helen, on thy natal day,
Most happy in our early youth,
Deign to accept this humble lay,
From one whose wishes are the truth.

Helen, may each succeeding year,
Add to your virtue and your beauty;
May watchful prudence e'er be near,
To guide you in the paths of duty.

May blessings, such as heaven alone
On frail mortality bestows,
Unsparing through your life be sown,
While far averted be the woes.

May all bright virtues, early dawn
In that fair bosom, welcome guests,
May all that charms the eye adorn
Thy lovely face, enchant all breasts.

May each fond wish your heart creates,
 (For innocence shall guide them all,)
 Be quick bestowed by your kind fates,
 And happiness attend your call.

Δ.

MR. EDITOR,

I am fond of observing the most trifling circumstances that occur in this our little republic, and you will oblige by inserting any whimsical notices I may forward you, on the demeanour of some of its members; the steadiness of one, the volatility of the other, the plausibility depicted in *this* countenance, and the repugnance implied in *that*; with the various turns and changes, whether the effect of authority, or circumstance, serve to enliven the picture we daily view, and fill the pages you weekly publish.

Now fancy to yourself, a young gentleman with a nice open, fair, gay, serene-looking visage, seated at the dinner table, his full blue eye fixed with intense interest on an enormous pie, the bulk of which, to his great uneasiness, is rapidly consuming beneath the united efforts of the monarch's carver, and the subjects' grinders—behold in his countenance the alternate workings of hope and fear; the flush of one, and the paleness of the other.—Every cry for mutton seems to give new energies to the former,

while the latter is constantly returning with multiplied force, at the various demands for pie.—Now he smiles briskly—now faintly—now he despairs—but stay, he has reasons for it, for there is but one *serving* left—he may have it yet—it is his turn—but

“Haud visum superis”

Some hitherto forgotten pupil puts in a demand; no more pie—is the cry.

Now, Sir, view his picture in another light.—Fancy a slice of mutton and a potatoe before him—the mutton he hates, and the potatoe he despises—down goes his knife, which overturns a salt cellar; with his fork, he makes a thrust at the offending potatoe, and with fatal effect, for it spins round the plate, like a marble in a punch bowl—the mutton he now impales, and first raising it in air with the fury of Hercules, practising the strength of young Lycus, he dashes it once more into the plate, bespattering his colleagues, not with blood, but with gravy.

Behold! he sends off a piece most discontentedly, which he bolts from very malignity; he grumbles to his neighbour, with a voice half rage, half disappointment; his eyes look black, his cheeks pale and vivid—he shakes his head in defiance, wishing that he *dared* be seen doing it.—but Mr Editor, the picture affects me, I can proceed no further—but be assured, that the way to discover a person's temper, is to see it unseen.

MNEME.

Lament on the Weather.

Black, stormy clouds have put to flight,
Kind Phœbus, with his heavenly light;
And heavy, dense, and thundering rain,
Descends upon the deluged plain.

No flowerets sweet perfume the air
With fragrance, or reward the fair,
For all the pains she's ta'en in vain,
To raise them from their native plain.

No warbling echoes thro' the grove,
No songs of sweetness or of love :
But there's a sad, and mournful strain,
Expressing sorrow, mixt with pain.

'Stead of mild zephyrs soft and sweet,
Gently assuaging summer's heat,
Loud Boreas roars full oft, and loud,
Throned in his cage, the lofty cloud.

Then Phœbus listen to our tears,
Remove this evil, calm our fears ;
And from thy bounteous, cheering hand,
Send heat upon the delug'd land.

Hide not your bright resplendent face,
From our weak, sinful, erring race,
Lest overcome with fear and dread,
We shortly rank among the dead.

PLUTO.

MR. EDITOR,

I resolved to write something for your paper, and accordingly took

my pen and paper, with a full intention to write something which should be very witty. But here an unforeseen accident stopped me. What was I to write about? I considered for some time; rejected one thing as being too hackneyed; another, as being common place, &c. At the end of a quarter of an hour, I was not a whit forwarder than when I began. I looked upon my paper, and it's white colour seemed to reproach me. I took courage however, and began "Mr. Editor," and running over all sorts of tales, events, &c. in search of ideas, but all in vain, I was obliged to put away my paper, but soon after brought it out again for the purpose of telling you, that although I had laboured for your paper in vain, yet you must always consider me in the light of your constant friend.

A. M.

On Happiness.

Oh happiness, our being's aim,
A mark that all deceives,
The world will say 'tis but a name,
Yet silently believes.

Stern avarice decks thee forth in gold
Extortion calls thee gain,
The patriot thinks the boon to hold,
By honour, danger, pain.

All seek the phantom they suppose,
Thro' distance undefined,
Yet each one in pursuit that goes,
The object leaves behind.

'Tis e'er a shadow at the most,
Whose nearest substance seems,
To be indeed what vice may boast,
But only virtue dreams.

To wealth, let those who praises give,
Remember with a sigh,
That if ten thousand hope to live,
Ten millions fear to die.

The tyrant that inhales the breath
Of flattery, has to know,
That falsehood which entwin'd the wreath,
Can hand the poison too.

One breast the thought of empires fills,
One trembles to be poor ;
The first desires the worst of ills,
Yet is but half secure.

One vice detests —those smiles and sleep,
To virtue and to God,
Yet indolence shall weep,
When conscience shakes the rod.

Let virtue then, and faith, and love,
Without human frailty shine,
Borrowing it's light from heaven above,
Then mortal she is thine.

MNEME.

MR. EDITOR,

There is nothing in the world that I should like more than to be a soldier, (provided I had as little of your cor-

respondent A.B.'s courage,) for from the earliest days of my youth I have had a natural fancy for gunpowder and fire arms of all description. I remember the days when I used to waste all my father's powder and shot in firing at my poor mother's cats, pigeons, and poultry; and I can assure you that after I had managed to dispatch about a dozen fowls, I fancied myself equal to the best sportsman in the kingdom.

I occasionally treated the maid servants to a few squibs and crackers, and really was never happier in my life, than I was after setting fire to a few curtains, gowns, &c.

The smell of gunpowder I can assure you, Mr. Editor, is as familiar to my nose, as aromatic vinegar is to that of a lady; even the thought of a military life makes me jump again for joy. Oh how I long to be strutting up and down a guard-room fitted out à la militaire! marching at the head of a strong force to meet an enemy, or with sword in hand leading a forlorn hope. I should then be in my glory. If I ever lived to see the place taken you may depend upon it I shall be as gallant in filling my pockets with the plunder, as I was in storming the city. This, Mr. Editor, is a subject I could never cease to write on, but being well aware that you have not much room in your little Journal for long communications, I am your continual supporter,

TOM STRUT.

Sonnet to Patience.

Celestial Patience ! lovely maid !

How mild thy placid virtues shine ;
They give to troubled mortals aid,
And all their bitterest woes refine.

Thy meek forbearance bids us bow

To stern Misfortune's dread alarm,
Thy softening wand can teach us how
The troubled soul with ease to calm.

Descend, blest nymph, when sorrows hang,

The joys of sanguine youth shall blight,
Descend and heal the sufferer's pang,
That grief may fade at thy dear sight.



MR. EDITOR,

I can't tell what to do, this horrid provoking dull week will never pass. Here we are at the end of the half-year, but this last fortnight seems an age ; the holydays will never come ; it is in vain that I play, read, or try to learn, the thoughts of home are always rushing into my mind. I have always been called an idle fellow, and only because I would rather ride, or fish, than learn, and prefer the holydays to faggoting, and home to school.

If it were not for these papers I should grow melancholy mad, (my companions already tell me I am touched in my upper story,) not that I contribute, for this is my

first essay, and I have no doubt this will be damned, but I am amused in reading them.

Oh, Mr. Editor, have you ever felt the pleasure of going home ; that exquisite, indescribable pleasure : have you, I say, a home ? If you have, you must have felt it. The breaking up, the journey, the return home, the meeting, kissing, &c. are all such scenes as can be more easily imagined than described by any pen, much more than from the foolish one of your friend and well-wisher

HOMESICK TOM.

On Solitude.

The moon bright and glorious shines in the sky,

And nature is hushed to rest,
Save where the owl in yon ruined tower
Hoots from her homely nest

If I had my choice now I'd be that owl,
And dwell in yon ruin'd tow'r,
There far from the smiles of perfidious friends
I'd wait death's gloomy hour.

For what is the world and its fleeting joys,
How soon they fade away ;
They come, they are gone, like the whirling wind's blast,
They last but for a day.

Then away vain world with your transient joys,

No more shall you lead me astray,
For since I have followed your maxims unjust
To sorrow I've been a prey.

Then I'll get me to some lonely place,
To some desert wild and drear,
Where never the footsteps of man have trod
And there I'll make my bier.

My grave shall be under a willow tree,
A lonely weeping willow,
And there I shall rest, and sleep in peace,
Unmoved by any bellow.

PLUTO.

Anecdotes.

A cobler who had just buried his wife was consulting a friend of his whether he should marry a young lady, to whom he had taken a great fancy. the friend's answer was, " *Ne sutor ultra crepidam;*" " Let not the cobler go beyond his LAST."

A very timid young man, who always pretended to be very brave, was once charged with being a great coward. He denied it on the following grounds: " My motto," said he, is, that ' *minus timoris minus periculi;*' now danger, I allow, always instills fear into my mind according to the extent of the danger, and the less I experience of fear the less I shall feel of danger; ergo ' *I detest and despise all fear;*' *quod erat demonstrandum.*

A. B.

The Conversion of Saul.

Journeying towards fresh scenes of blood,
Saul in his car triumphant stood,
His thund'ring voice, his eye of fire,
The persecutor in his ire,
His bold array, his brow of gloom,
The waving of his shaken plume,
Strike with sudden terror all
Who look upon victorious Saul.

See him now stretch'd on the ground,
While thunder echoes all around;
From his glorious chariot thrust,
In agony he bites the dust,
Before that God whom he'd revil'd,
Whose altars he'd with blood defil'd,
Now kneels in prayer upon the sod,
Converted by th' eternal God.

Eυαγγελος.

MR. EDITOR,

The following may be a very ungallant opinion; but it is nevertheless entertained by almost every gentleman, although many do not like to acknowledge it, that a lady with a pretty look and pretty manners is much more generally liked than a really well informed and sensible, but plain woman. The fact is that a lady with a pretty face and little learning, generally depends on her face and her manners before the marriage, and not her principles to make her liked in the world. It is a very just observation of Swift's, that " young ladies spend

their time in making nets, and not in making cages." The general observation on pretty ladies who think much, and care little how agreeable they are, is, that they are like parrots with beautiful plumage, but imperfect speech. Few gentlemen like sensible ladies, because they do not perceive their worth at first, and unless a gentleman has serious intentions for a young lady, such is the present state of society, that he has not an opportunity of perceiving her sterling qualities.

A. B.

Vesuvius.

Since the years when Jesus ceas'd to live,
 Seventeen hundred eighty-five,
 'Twas under the pellucid sky,
 Fairest of lands, O Italy!
 Where the vale of Pharone
 (Between the mount of Confaroni
 And Somma's height,) whose concave dell
 Is hollow'd by the rains which fell
 Since the day the world began :
 'Twas there the stream of Lava ran,
 O'er San Jorio's spreading plain,
 Till at last it reached the main ,
 Hissing within the boiling wave,
 Which the liquid fire did lave ;
 Till conquer'd by the waters, then
 They sank beneath the ocean den.

While the rolling stream did rise,
 In scorching volumes to the skies.
 Hark ! what was that rumbling sound
 That echo'd to the hills around ?
 'Twas the precursor of that spire
 Which shot tow'r'd heaven with liquid fire.
 The scene around is glowing red;
 See ! in an instant it has fled,
 And all is dark.—Now onward go
 Some five and twenty years or so,
 And see of what was once so fair,
 What of them since that night is there,
 A crumbling cinder you will find,
 Swept over by the sulph'rous wind ;
 With not a remnant on the shore,
 Of all which once was there before.
 Both man, and child, both tree, and flower,
 Were overwhelm'd in that dread hour.

IL VESUVIANO.

"Quære Peregrinum."

To seek a stranger is too large a range,
 When found, he is no longer strange.

A. B.

On Life.

Life ! what is life ? no one can tell,
 One only knows 'tis not in heaven, or hell :
 It has an end, beginning, and a name,
 Is what it is, and always is the same.

P. B.

On a Lady looking in the Glass.
(Translated from the Latin.)

The form at present you admire,
 Will you desert, and fly away :
 Nourish in your breast sweet virtue,
 Whose form indeed will ne'er decay.

P. B.

There is no character for which I have so much contempt as for that of a weak and vacillating person; and there is no quality which I think more essential in a friend, than firmness; for neither gratitude or friendship can subsist in a breast, whose movements are governed by the unconstant and tyrannic sway of caprice. There are certainly two sorts of firmness, the one proceeding from strength of character, and the other from weakness, the last of which frequently leads a person into obstinacy; and although I allow that to be a most unamiable trait in any character, still I infinitely prefer it to that melancholy indecision which leaves the possessor like sealing wax open to the last impression. Indeed I carry my ideas upon this subject so far that I think firmness one of the great qualifications in which the young people of the present day are so lamentably deficient, particularly the fair sex, who from being early accustomed to depend upon others, and submit to their decisions, become at last incapable of determining for themselves, there-

fore, although I, as a juvenile myself, may be condemned for advancing such an opinion, still I cannot help saying that obedience certainly is the duty of the young, but not that blind and foolish obedience which deprives the person of the right of judging for himself.

E. H.

To Correspondents.

We are very much obliged to A. B. for his contributions.

Il Vesuviano deserves our best thanks.

We are glad to see that Δ has favoured us with some more of his compositions.

The verses beginning with " Hail! Horæ, Hail!" are inadmissible.

To Mneme we are greatly indebted for the many amusing pieces he has favoured us with, for which we return our sincere thanks.

Pluto once more obliges us to return him thanks for his liberal support.

"A would-be-thought Modest" is rather too personal to appear in our paper.

We thank also " Multos alios quos nunc præscribere longum est." Once more we bid all our correspondents adieu.

F I N I S.

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